JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 3, 1923 *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 900. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Monarch Egyptian "Flavo" Cigarettes

Manufactured from tobaccos of the Orient, giving the unique flavour of the native product.

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

of all Tobacconists.

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

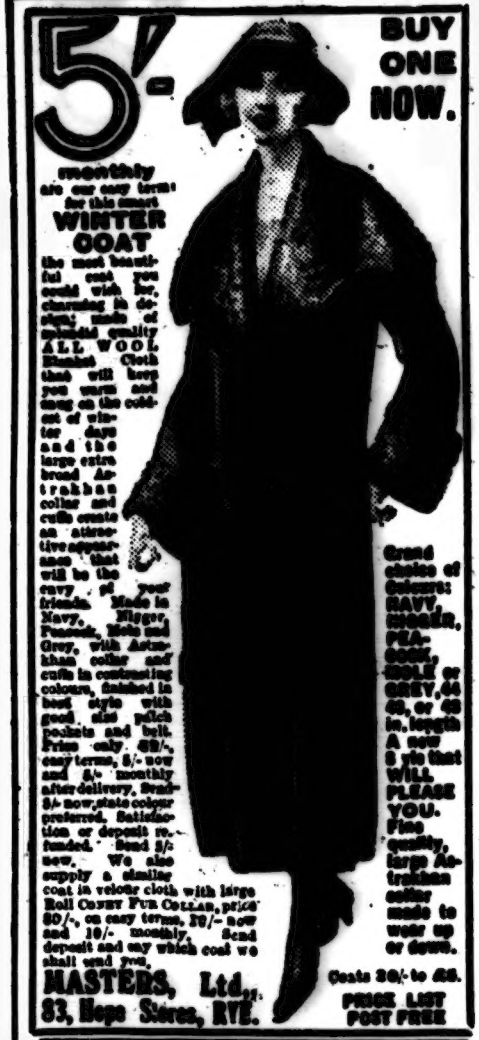
Gloves off to ROTHERMERE

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY FOOT TORTURES

your feet need the refreshing, soothing and hea'ing effects of a dip in the medicated and oxygenated foot-bath produced by dissolving REUDEL BATH SALTRATES in plain water

Take Corns out, not merely off, without plasters, dangerous cutting or caustic liquids, says C. S. TURNER, formerly of the R.A.M.C.

PERHAPS you have invited blood poison by hacking the top of that corn with a razor, or burnt it off with caustic paste, liquids or plasters, soaked it in hot water, picked dubiously at it with your finger-nails and sprinkled it with various powders to stop the aching. After doing all this and waiting patiently for results, you either find that most of the corn has stayed right on duty through it all, or else a brand new top has sprouted up to replace the old one and the ache is still doing business at the old stand, worse than ever, and plus considerable extra soreness of raw skin around the corn. This is because you have only worried and irritated the top of the corn without at all affecting the little pointed part or core which is the real business end that causes all the pain by pressing on sensitive nerves. It would be as logical to cut the top off an aching tooth to stop the pain. It is only after all these time-wasting experiments with a corn, unpleasant as they are, that you are really ready to appreciate the marvellous way in which saltrated water acts and how totally different it is from anything else. It soon dissolves out the oil from dead, hardened, calloused, "corny" skin, leaving it soft and "mushy" as fresh putty, so that corns can easily be picked right out, root and all, whereas callouses turn white, curl up at the edges and come entirely off at one scrape with the dull edge of a knife. Sound healthy skin is not affected in any way by the water excepting that it is wonderfully refreshing to sore, tired, tender, aching feet. To prepare the medicated water, which is also oxygenated, invest a few pence in a supply of Reudel Bath Saltrates compound, which is obtainable from any chemist, this being the registered name by which physicians and chiropodists prescribe it. Use about a tablespoonful of Reudel Bath Saltrates to a gallon of rather hot water and rest the feet in this, but first bid all your foot misery a final farewell, for such tortures will soon be only unpleasant memories of the past.



5/- monthly are our easy terms for this smart WINTER COAT the most beautiful coat you could wish for, charming in design; made of splendid quality ALL WOOL Blanket Cloth that will keep you warm and snug on the coldest of winter days and the large extra broad Astrakhan collar and cuffs create an attractive appearance that will be the envy of your friends. Made in Navy, Nigger, Peacock, Mole and Grey, with Astrakhan collar and cuffs in contrasting colours, finished in best style with good slot pockets and belt. Price only 63/-, easy terms, 5/- now and 5/- monthly after delivery. Send 5/- now, state colour preferred. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. Send 5/- now. We also supply a similar coat in velour cloth with large Roll Opossy Fur Collar, price 80/-, on easy terms, 10/- now and 10/- monthly. Send deposit and say which coat we shall send you.

MASTERS, Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, RYE.

BUY ONE NOW.

Grand choice of colours: NAVY, MAROON, PEACOCK, NIGGER or GREY, 44 42, or 42 in. length A new 5 gns that WILL PLEASE YOU. Fine quality, large Astrakhan collar made to wear up or down.

Coats 20/- to £6.

PRICE LIST POST FREE

'TONSILS' 'ADENOIDS'

and all

CATARRHAL TROUBLES

in Children and Adults

should be treated by

The KYNASTON Method

"95 per cent. of the operations for the removal of TONSILS and ADENOIDS are totally unnecessary."

THIS definite statement is made by Dr. Kynaston, one of the best known West End Throat, Nose and Ear Specialists, who, after years of study and practical application, has perfected a medical treatment which does away with those operations and is a certain remedy for CATARRH.

The treatment is so simple that it can be carried out with absolute confidence in your own home.

Write, enclosing 1½d. in stamps, or call for particulars

Director, DR. KYNASTON'S INSTITUTE,

Sicilian House, SOUTHAMPTON ROW (Kingsway End), LONDON W.C. 1. 'Phone: Museum 751.

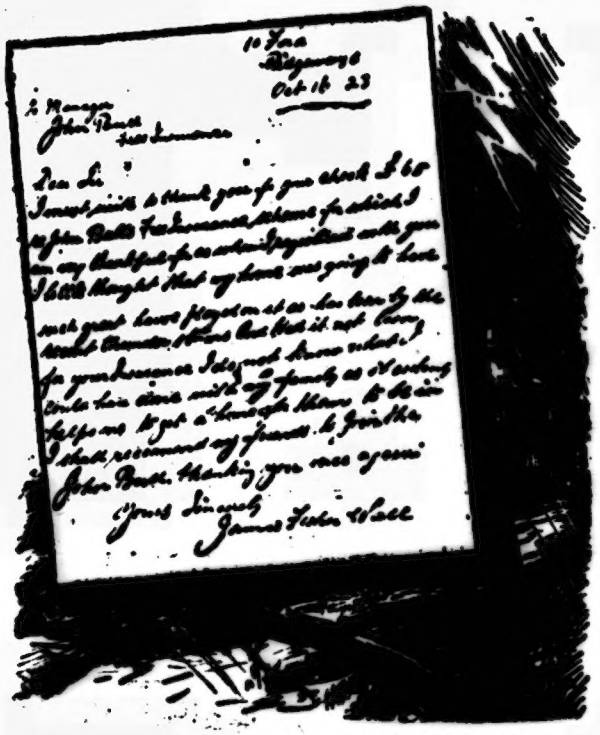
If you need more exercise

roll your own cigarettes. With A.G. papers you will find it light, pleasant and profitable.

AG CIGARETTE PAPERS

The BEST the world produces.

Thunder Storm plays havoc with reader's home



10 Jan Algernon Oct 16 23

To the Manager John Bull Fleet Lane

Dear Sir

I must write to thank you for your cheque for £65 of John Bull Fire Insurance. Thank for which I am very thankful for as what I applied with your Gift for I thought that my home was going to have most great loss I stood on it as the storm by the terrible Thunder Storm that it not Carry for your Insurance I stood home which I Could have done with my family as it nothing help me to get a thought Thank to the Gift I shall recommend my friends to join the John Bull. thanking you once again

Yours Sincerely James Fisher Wall

THIS year has seen some of the worst storms within living memory, as hundreds of JOHN BULL readers have learned to their sorrow. In the path of one of these recently, stood the home of Mr. James Fisher Wall, who describes the catastrophe in the letter we reproduce here.

Fortunately, Mr. Wall had been far-sighted enough to register under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift, and with the cheque for £65 which has been sent to him will be able to restore order out of chaos and build the home up again.

As these words are written gales and torrential rains are still sweeping over the country. The Storm Fiend may next single out YOUR home for destruction. And then what? Better be safe than sorry, Sign the forms now.

The long list of benefits paid this week, also includes those on account of Fire, Sickness and Accident. These have been crowded out owing to lack of space.

Storm and Flood

Up to £30

BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. M. ELLIOTT, 267, Camden Street, Victoria Stores, Brookfields.

DUNDEE.—S. BLACKMORE, 18, Church Street.

PORTGLENONE, CO. LONDONDERRY.—J. MCINTYRE, Glenone.

PETERBOROUGH.—J. J. VALENTINE, 42, Percival Street.

MARDY, GLAM.—Mrs. G. ROBERTS, 89, Griffith Street.

WINSFORD, CHESHIRE.—J. LIGHTFOOT, 513, High Street.

CROOKES, SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. M. YEATES, 107, Forres Street.

THORNBURY, GLOS.—Miss N. GALLAWAY, Cowhill.

ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.—G. H. MOSS, 3 Court, 10 House, Phillip Street.

BLACKBURN.—Mrs. R. MATHER, 52, Hosier Street.

WALSALL.—GEO. GUISE, 1 Back, 2, Hatherton Street.

PENICUIK, SCOTLAND.—Mrs. M. TAYLOR, 13, Walker Place.

BRIDGETON, GLASGOW.—Mrs. J. HUGHES, 20, Franklin Street.

WHITWELL, NR. MANSFIELD.—F. HAYWOOD, The Branks.

CARBROOK, SHEFFIELD.—J. BEASLEY, 19, Southern Street.

CARBROOK, SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. POOLE, 14, Southern Street.

HOLLINWOOD, NR. OLDHAM.—F. SCHOLES, 113, Chapel Road.

LOWER TOOTING, S.W. 17.—Mrs. A. ORANGE, 6, Seward Road.

FARCET, NR. PETERBORO'.—F. TINKLER, Main Street.

SHEFFIELD.—F. LAWRENCE, 52, Russell Street.

NECHELLS, BIRMINGHAM.—J. BARTON, 36, Wharton Street.

OGMORE VALE, GLAM.—Mrs. A. KEEN, 80, Adare Street.

TOOTING, S.W. 17.—Mrs. W. CRANSFIELD, 114, Selkirk Road.

SEAHAM HARBOUR, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. E. SMITH, 8, Stewart Street.

TAYPORT, FIFE.—Mr. J. J. TAYLOR, 14, Inn Street.

PARADE, BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. WILKES, 26, Nelson Street.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. J. L. MASSAM, 1, Middlemore Place, Wellesley Street.

CARBROOK, SHEFFIELD.—Mr. G. W. DRIVER, 2, Court, 6 House, Southern Street.

ERDINGTON, BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. HOPKINS, 20, Slade Road.

ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. M. HANDS, 2/141, Phillips Street.

SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. C. PEARSON, 65, Upperthorpe Road.

WALSALL.—Mrs. E. GWILT, Back of 2 and 3, Hatherton Street.

NEW TREDEGAR, MON.—W. RICHARDS, 126, Jubilee Road.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS: Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

219 Benefits paid this week—Total now 9,825

CUT HERE

J.B. 3.11.23.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B. 3.11.23.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

Triple-Proofed Gabardine Trench Coat

(The famous Officer's Coat).

A COMBINED WINTER OVERCOAT AND RAINCOAT.

GREAT SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED OUR OFFER OF THESE COATS, AND ORDERS ARE POURING IN FROM "JOHN BULL" READERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

CURZON'S were the first to introduce this Coat at a popular price. When costs of materials were high two years ago, we were selling this Coat at 70/- when others were asking 90/- to 120/-.

For this Season we have been fortunate in arranging for large supplies of the materials, enabling us to offer this famous Coat complete for **£2** Carriage paid by Parcel Post to your door.

It is important to remember that the quality of the garment is exactly the same as when the Coat was sold at the higher price.

It is equally important to remember that the price of the Curzon Coat includes the Detachable Wool Lining, for which some other firms ask 10/- to 20/- extra.

This is a coat for a lifetime, being absolutely stormproof and weatherproof, and affording complete protection against the most inclement weather. Its unique features are:—

1. It is lined with smart check plaid.
2. It is rubber interlined.
3. It has a detachable wool lining (for cold weather use) which can be fixed or removed in a minute.
4. All materials used in the production of this coat are guaranteed fast dyes and unshrinkable.

This lining can be removed without in any way affecting the smart appearance of the coat, and in this way can be worn in warm or mild weather. There are buttons sewn on inside the coat and buttonholes on the wool lining which enables it to be securely fastened on in a minute and thus makes the coat during cold weather equal to a winter overcoat as well as a Raincoat. The only coat on the market that answers the purpose of two or more coats. Post free on receipt of £2, under our guarantee to refund your money should the coat on delivery fail to give satisfaction. These coats can also be supplied in Navy Blue, guaranteed fast dye, at 45/- carriage paid.

When ordering give your height and chest measurement (taken over waistcoat).

Orders by post to be sent to

CURZON BROS., Ltd.

The World's Measure Tailors,

New Head Depot:

36 & 37, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

THESE COATS CAN BE OBTAINED AT OUR HEAD DEPOT AS ABOVE AND BRANCHES AS FOLLOWS:—

WEST END: 107, Strand, W.C.; 166, Strand, W.C.; 431, Strand, W.C.; 112, New Oxford Street, W.C.; 28 & 29, Chancery Lane, W.C.; 66, Southampton Row, W.C.; 15, Old Cavendish Street, W. CITY: 70 & 72, City Road, E.C.; 24 Liverpool Street, E.C.; 106, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.; 14, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street Station (Met.), E.C.; 76, Aldersgate Street, E.C.; 115, Fleet Street, E.C.; 272, Bishopsgate, E.C.

ALSO AT:—

DEPTFORD, WOOLWICH, FOREST GATE, SHOREDITCH, EUSTON, POPLAR, FINCHLEY, KINGSTON, RICHMOND, TWICKENHAM, SUTTON, SOUTHEND, WESTCLIFF, WIMBLEDON and HOVE.

Don't forget that Curzon's give the best value for made-to-measure tailoring. Prices of suits or winter overcoats £2 to 5 Guineas. Patterns, measure form and fashion book sent free on request, or a personal visit to any of our branches is requested.

Fill in this Coupon or order by letter mentioning JOHN BULL.

To CURZON BROS., LTD., 36 & 37, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Please send me one of your coats as advertised, carriage paid for £2 (if Navy Blue, 45/-) under your guarantee to refund money if I am not fully satisfied.

My height is.....

My chest measure (taken over waistcoat) is .....

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Meltis 2d. CHOCOLATE Marshmallows

A very delicious Confection.

Eggs scarce?

Don't let your hens "go off" laying now eggs are valuable. Put Mustard in their mash, and see how quickly the output improves. Ask your dealer for

Colman's Poultry Mustard

Colman's Egg Register FREE—Write to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., (Dept. B.J.), Norwich.

The 'WINDSOR' FLEXIBLE CURTAIN ROD THE LATEST IN CURTAIN RODS.

Affixed in one minute. So simple a child can adjust

MUST BE SEEN to be APPRECIATED 7½D

SEND 7½d. FOR SAMPLE, post free. (State inside width of window when ordering)

NO CLUMSY RODS OR UNSIGHTLY TAPES. "WINDSOR" RODS HAVE ALREADY commanded an ENORMOUS SALE. WE ARE SURE YOU will be delighted AND SEND FOR MORE.

C. SEGNE & CO. (Dept. B), 10, Windsor Road, Levenshulme, Manchester.

GET IT FREE!

Send a postcard now for H. Samuel's FREE BOOK. It's packed with thousands of bargains in Jewels, Watches & Plate at next to Factory Prices, with lists of splendid prizes for all buyers.

Diamond Ring No. 1 Hoop 30/-

WRITE NOW FOR FREE BOOK

H. SAMUEL, 290, MARKET ST., Manchester. H. Samuel, Ltd.

Children's Nerve Trouble

How Mrs. Ruskin's daughter was cured of a serious Nerve Complaint by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. Ruskin's Statement:

Writing from 141, Bellsmarth-road, Gorleston-on-Sea, Mrs. Ruskin says: "I am writing to let you know how much good Dr. Cassell's Tablets have done my daughter. About 12 months ago she had a very bad attack of St. Vitus' Dance, and she was sent to hospital. There she lay for three months, and she came home thinking she was cured, but after she had been home a week the trouble came back. She could not walk straight, and when she tried to talk her mouth was distorted. She could not keep a limb still. I did not like the idea of her going back into hospital, and I decided to try your tablets. To my surprise after the first box she was able to get up again. I continued to give them to her, and now I am glad to say she can go to work again, and is quite strong. To see her you would not think she had come through such a serious illness."

TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME

and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Take Dr. Cassell's for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Neuritis	Palpitation
Indigestion	Kidney Weakness
Sleeplessness	Children's Weakness
Neuralgia	Wasting
Nerve Pains	
Headache	

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-

Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

Motor Information Coupon

Please send me information regarding the following cars:

.....

Fill in the details, and these particulars will be sent you. Address Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE for BARGAIN-HUNTERS

WHEn ORDERING
Write your name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

Get to know about this Chair

Really out-of-the-ordinary in value, com'ort, beauty. Deeply, wonderfully sprung, strong hardwood frame upholstered REAL TAPESTRY. Exquisite comfort brought within your reach for £4 : 15 : 0 only. Remarkable photographic evidence sent gladly.

THE QUALITY UPHOLSTERY COMPANY
HARMER STREET LEEDS

Full Details—FREE

You can furnish a Home for 1/6.

£4,000 Worth of Prizes.

Send P.O. to-day for **1s. 6d.** and obtain **3 New Shape Wimbledon Brushes.** 1 Scrubbing Brush, 1 Laundry Brush, 1 Handy Brush, and a FREE ENTRY FORM for the great

Wimbledon Brush Competition.

If your Local Dealer does not stock Wimbledon Brushes, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. direct to—

Wimbledon Brush Co., 4 HILL ROAD, WIMBLEDON, S.W.19

Agents appointed.

"Insist on British-made Goods"—Sir Eric Geddes.

FURS

at WHOLESALE PRICES

The finest selection of beautiful ready-made **FURS** in London to choose from. Every article of **GUARANTEED QUALITY** however low the price paid. *Inspection cordially invited, or write for New Illustrated Catalogue.*

THE
WHOLESALE FUR CO.,
145, Cheapside, E.C.
Showrooms: First Floor.

2/6 Weekly

or 10/6 cash is all you pay for a superbly made "Model" Gramophone with massive solid golden oak cabinet, gigantic richly coloured metal horn, twin long motor and universally used Sound Reproducer. Sent with 40 new tunes packed free, and carriage paid, on

10 DAYS' TRIAL.

Money refunded if not satisfied. Elegantly designed Portable Records, Inlaid Table Models and Floor Cabinet Models at 40 p.c. below shop prices. Write for illustrated art catalogue and testimonials.

[redacted]

CO. (DEPT. G.27), BIRMINGHAM.

"MILK AND ROSES!"

Wouldn't you love to have a complexion like Milk and Roses; a healthy glowing colour, a peach-like bloom, and absolute freedom from any blemish?

VEGETINE PILLS

will make your wish come true. No matter whether your complexion is marred by pimples, blotches, spots or blackheads, or whether you suffer from eczema, **VEGETINE PILLS** will help you to banish them all quickly and surely.

Obtainable at Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., etc., at 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per box.

Write for Sample Free from:

The David Macqueen Company, Ltd. Bournemouth.

EARN £3 A WEEK AT HOME

THIS is what Miss Bentley, of Reading, does the spare time into money. I knit dolls, Stockings, Vests, Jumpers, and Woollens—combining with private orders—which bring me in from £3 to £5 weekly." Her experience and many others are detailed in our book, which explains our plan whereby WE PURCHASE YOUR ENTIRE OUTPUT OF GOODS at an agreed price for a period of Three Years. Send to-day for this **FREE BOOK** NEXT. If REQUEST to all forwarding 1d. stamp to cover postage. Send for it TO-DAY. No selling money sent work.

SOUTH BRITISH Mfr. Co. Dept. 62 J. 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

A WINTER MODEL for 10/-

Balance by easy monthly payments.

Fascinating model, all wool velour with handsome fur collar. This magyar coat with fur-trimmed side panels has low waisted belt giving fashionable silhouette. Obtainable beaver grey, sleeper navy, moderately priced at 69/6, or with astrachan collar 89/11, deposit 7/6. Write for patterns and booklet "Chic and Serviceable Modes."

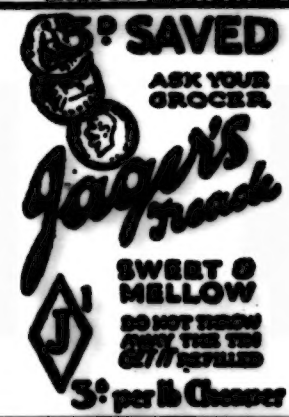
ALL GOODS SENT ON RECEIPT OF FIRST PAYMENT.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. All garments made to measure.

(Dept. J.B.) LEACH & HARDY, Brown St., MANCHESTER.

5/- SAVED

ASK YOUR GROCER



Jager's Treacle

SWEET & MELLOW

DO NOT BUY ANY TIN UNLESS IT IS SEALED

3d. per lb Cheaper

100,000 Rugs GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull." 3/11/23. On receipt of Postal Order for we will forward, Direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "Prudential" Brussels.

14/6

REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS

Carriage 1/- extra.

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-tones of Crimson, Green, Blue and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

CARPETS

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material sound to wear, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the profits of all middle profits. Over 600,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match. Exquisite Reproduction Turkish Designs of Carpets, Stair-rugs, Hearthrugs, Bedside Rugging. Write Name, Address, &c., and free, if mentioning "John Bull," 3/11/23, when writing. (Established over Half a Century.)

F. HODGSON & SONS, (Dept. J.B.), Wearing Mill, City of Leeds.

25/- MARVELLOUS VALUE From BOND STREET

Very smart Winter Coat, Bond Street style and finish. Made of beautiful, cosily warm Blanket Cloth, with long Roll

ASTRACHAN COLLAR

worn as illustrated or fastened under the chin. Most fashionable model, in Mole, Nigger, Beaver, Saxe and Black. Sizes: small woman, woman, and outsize (outsize 3s. extra). If unable to send full amount of 25s. one can be reserved for deposit of 5s., balance by instalments.

BRYARS, (DEPT. J.B.)
48, New Bond Street, London, W.1

Halve Your Winter Coal Bill.

Is it to reach the same staggering figure as last year? Or will you adopt the means of science and get the very best out of your coal? Get

ZURNITE

which will halve the cost of your fuel by doubling its heat and lasting power. The cheapest coal, coke or slack treated with Zurnite will give you a bright, warm glowing fire lasting longer than the best, and a cleaner grate at the end of it.

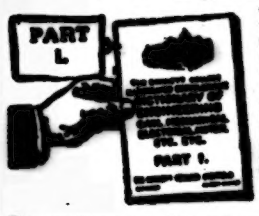
MORE HEAT FOR A LONGER TIME.
LESS SMOKE. LESS ASHES.
NO SEDIMENT. NO SMELL.

Every package is Guaranteed.

It will keep your winter bills down to summer size. Sufficient Zurnite for one ton of coal, 3s. 6d. post free. Five boxes, 15s. Send to-day.

The Zurnite Co., Stevenard House (No. 7) Whitstable, Kent

FREE



To extend the name of The Bennett College to everyone engaged in the different branches of Engineering we are publishing an Illustrated Dictionary of Engineering in about 24 Monthly parts (10 pages each part). You can have each monthly part as it comes out FREE. 1/- postage only to pay.

The conditions are that you send your name and address, your age, and occupation, with 1/- (to cover postage on the 24 parts), writing your name and address very clearly. We shall then place your name on our Free List and send you Part 1 at once. The others will be forwarded as issued. Do not fail to give the particulars required, and use this full address.

The Bennett College (Dept. D31), Sheffield.

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100 Candle Power **'PIFCO' 4** Hours for 1d.

Incandescent Gas Light

With Common Paraffin.

Safe & Simple, Just fits a Match.

Beats Gas or Electric.

7 Days' Trial FREE.

Complete Lamp **30/-**

Send no Money. Write for Catalogue.

PIFCO, Ltd.,
94 High St., MANCHESTER
Stocked in 37 different styles.

2/6 Weekly

or 10/6 cash is all you pay for our No. 10/6 Model "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Sufficiently sturdy, richly ornamented, built to stand years of hard wear. Sent packed free, carriage paid.

21 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. We take orders in factory called machines. Parts and accessories 331 p.c. below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for lists, cut catalogue.

[redacted]

Cycle Company (1923), Dept. BA37), Birmingham.

The Age of Monopoly

VERY gradually the whole of our commercial life is becoming dominated by Trusts and Monopolies. Housing is held up by the operation of a builder's ring, the price of meat is forced sky-high because the butchers have formed a combine to control and regulate prices.

Long ago Mr. Baldwin talked a great deal about bringing in legislation to check the growing power of these Trusts. There was even a Committee on Trusts set up to deal with the question: but nothing was ever done.

JOHN BULL is proud of the fact that it is an independent paper, free to express its own opinions, and remain the avowed enemy of all schemes for forcing up prices.

The advertisers in this paper see eye to eye with us. Their aim is not to profiteer, but to offer to the readers of JOHN BULL value for money. A study of their advertisements will show the way to counteract the Trusts.

A close study of these advertisers' announcements is well worth your while, for besides resulting in a saving of money on your purchases, we offer the following prizes for the best statement, *in not more than 24 words* (exclusive of name and address) of what is the best advertisement in JOHN BULL, and why. Write on postcards only. 1st Prize, £5; 2nd Prize, £1; and 50 consolation prizes.

Address your postcards to "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, to reach here not later than the first post, Wednesday, November 7.

The names of the prizewinners in our first competition will be found on page 24.

Gold in the Gutter

A PLAUSIBLE young man with a well-developed gift of the gab is at present working a swindle in the side streets off Oxford Street, London.

Announcing in a grand manner that he has been sent out as an advertisement representative by his firm, he declares that he has been instructed to sell at enormous sacrifice a number of gold watch-chains listed at half-a-guinea.

To those who are anxious to participate in this astounding advertising scheme he is instructed to present, free of all extra charge, a gold ring, set with a beautiful stone fit to be worn by any lady in the land. That is not all. He will also present every lucky purchaser with a necklet and embossed pendant.

In order to increase his circle of delighted customers whom he knows will tell all their friends of their good fortune and become walking advertisements for his firm, he will actually give away to every purchaser of one of these wonderful chains a watch, in a beautifully chased case, which "winds like silk."

The deluded folk who pay their money receive a box bearing a label, "Goldini," with the words "Service Reclame" in the corner. It contains an assortment of trumpery stuff not worth sixpence. The gutter gold turns out to be brass.

If you would avoid such pitfalls, deal only with firms whose announcements appear in JOHN BULL, and carry with them the JOHN BULL Advertisement Guarantee.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

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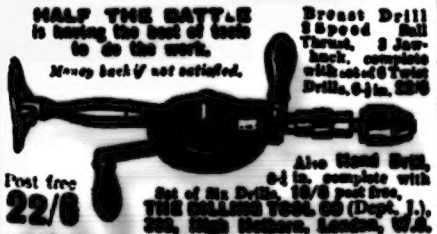

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IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are eighty years of age or only eight, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

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Take advantage of the offer we make on the Coupon, and by return of post you will receive eight tunes which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you, and give you many years of purest pleasure.

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I send herewith postal order for One Shilling and Sixpence, in return for which please send me your "Special No. 1," containing eight tunes, published at 2s. 6d.; also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

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BAD FEET become good feet when you wear my foot-comfort appliances. Cheap. List free. —Finley, 56, Lower Thames Street, London.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. — Write The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Euston Road, London, S.W.1.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandets restore Youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

ADENOIDS and Polypi cured without operation. Month's supply, 12/6.—Laboratory, 62, Newport Street, Bolton.

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SEND for Valuable Book, "Everyday Ailments," containing over 100 pages, explaining how to cure with Herbal Remedies. Three penny stamps for post.—Hall's Hygiene Co., Ltd., J.B., Salford, Manchester.

A BOOK on Herbs. How to blend, make and take them. Sent free.—Write for one to Secretary, 61, Holme Top Street, Bradford

GOLD MOHUR BALM, Indian Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Piles, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, etc.—Sample from Pucka, Fleet, Hants.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them. 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

SEND that 2d. stamp for free sample of "Mend-a-Tear." It will show you how to mend any tears in clothes without a stitch, in two minutes. Macintoshes, too.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

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Deferred payments arranged if desired, 10/- with order, balance in 11 monthly instalments of 10/- if you are entirely satisfied after 1 month's trial.

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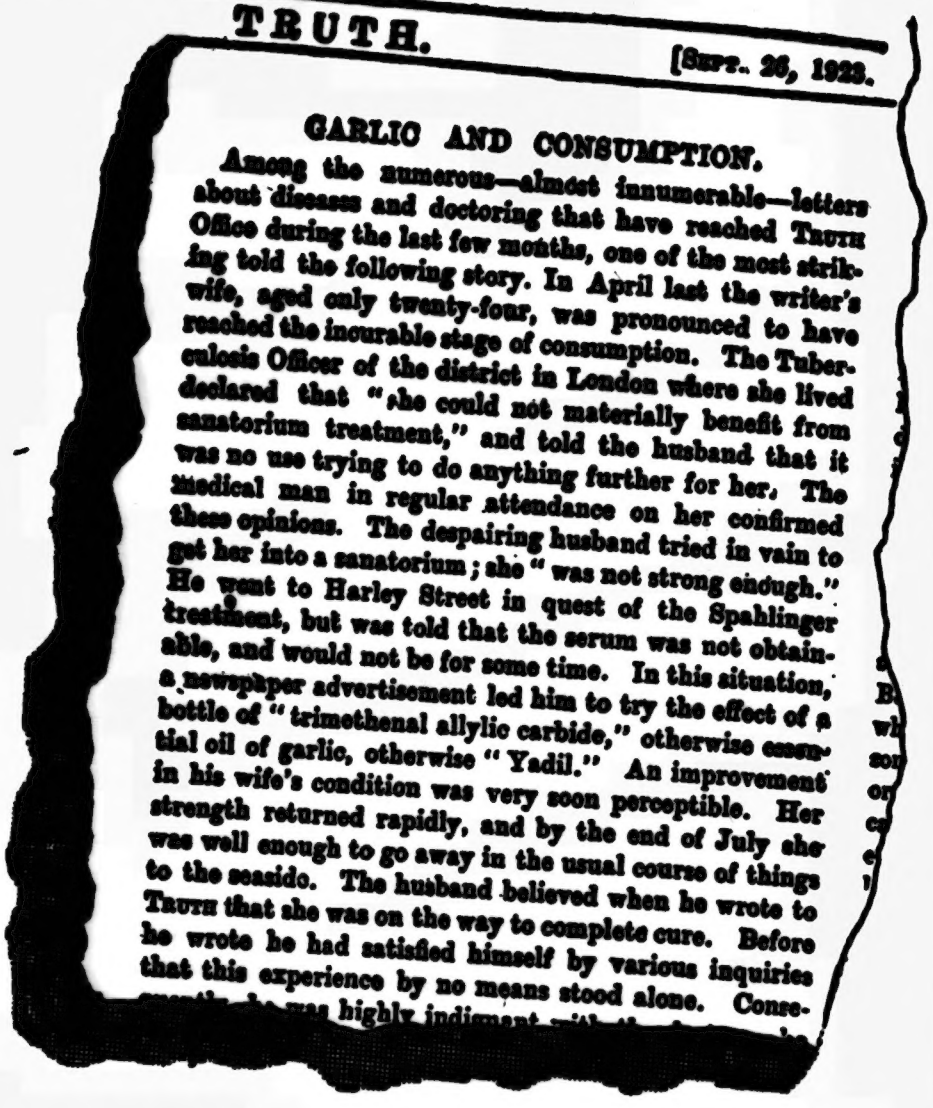
I STATE definitely, on the strength of seven years' medical and other experience, that the 'Yadil' Treatment can stamp out the white scourge in three years from the British Isles—provided it is used at once in every one of the half a million known cases and in all disorders which lead to consumption—pneumonia, bronchitis, influenza, coughs and colds, all fevers, etc.



TRUTH. [Sept. 26, 1923.

GARLIC AND CONSUMPTION.

Among the numerous—almost innumerable—letters about diseases and doctoring that have reached TRUTH Office during the last few months, one of the most striking told the following story. In April last the writer's wife, aged only twenty-four, was pronounced to have reached the incurable stage of consumption. The Tuberculosis Officer of the district in London where she lived declared that "she could not materially benefit from sanatorium treatment," and told the husband that it was no use trying to do anything further for her. The medical man in regular attendance on her confirmed these opinions. The despairing husband tried in vain to get her into a sanatorium; she "was not strong enough." He went to Harley Street in quest of the Spahlinger treatment, but was told that the serum was not obtainable, and would not be for some time. In this situation, a newspaper advertisement led him to try the effect of a bottle of "trimethenal allylic carbide," otherwise essential oil of garlic, otherwise "Yadil." An improvement in his wife's condition was very soon perceptible. Her strength returned rapidly, and by the end of July she was well enough to go away in the usual course of things to the seaside. The husband believed when he wrote to TRUTH that she was on the way to complete cure. Before he wrote he had satisfied himself by various inquiries that this experience by no means stood alone. Conse-

THE remarkable success of 'Yadil' in all forms of consumption and other diseases is easily explained. What we call "diseases" are really nothing more than "symptoms" of one common disorder, "internal bacterial infection." Consumption—like measles, influenza, scarlet fever, whooping-cough, diarrhœa, diphtheria, pneumonia, congestion of the lungs—is but the manifestation of an effort by the body to rid itself of morbid matter. 'Yadil' helps Nature in this effort and cleanses the system of the poisonous matter, whereupon consumption, or other symptom, promptly disappears.

THAT is all. But it means a tremendous revolution in the treatment of disease. It gives to everyone a safe and powerful weapon with which to fight and overcome all disorders.

With 'Yadil' Antiseptic in the home, infectious diseases need not be dreaded. A few doses at the beginning of a cough, or first sign of a rise in temperature, and the trouble is over. It will end all epidemics—if used by everyone at the time of danger. It can positively be stated that there is no longer any excuse for consumption to continue its ravages. Those who remain, or become, consumptives will do so simply because they are denied, or deny themselves, the benefit of 'Yadil.'

READ the remarkable medical and other evidence published in "The Yadil Book." It is sent post free for 2s. 6d. to any address anywhere. Send for it to-day. A new booklet, "*The Problem of Tuberculosis Solved*," sent post free on request.

Alex Clement

Prepared by

Clement & Johnson Limited Research Medical Chemists 19 Sicilian Avenue London W.C.1

Liquid	**2 oz. 2/9**	**6 oz. 4/9**	**Pint 12/-**	**Quart 22/6**
Pills	**50 2/9**	**150 4/9**	**500 12/-**	**1000 22/6**
Ointment	**1 oz. 1/9**	**4 oz. 5/-**		

Of all Chemists, including all branches of Boots; Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.; Timothy White & Co., Ltd.; Hodder & Co., and other Stores, or sent direct, post free, on receipt of remittance. For abroad, add 3/- for extra postage and packing.

The word 'Yadil' is registered.

'Yadil' Pastilles strengthen the voice. 1/- per tin.

Pronounce it YAH-DIL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 868.
Week ending Saturday,
Nov. 3, 1921. Twopence

JOHN BULL

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Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Straight from the Shoulder.

By boldly characterising French policy as another "scrap of paper," and urging a world Conference to settle European problems once and for all, General Smuts gave a statesmanlike lead to the Government. It was a bold and fearless pronouncement that quickly bore fruit.

The Blunt Truth.

No less courageous was his emphatic pronouncement that what is leading to Europe's undoing is an almost complete lack of moral justice. And in restoring this, it is up to America to play her part.

Sanity at Last.

As a result Mr. Baldwin broke silence and called upon M. Poincaré to think thrice before refusing to join a Reparations Conference. Boldness brought forth sanity and the French Premier has agreed to a policy which British Prime Ministers have been urging for months and months.

Kite Flying.

Less happy was Mr. Baldwin's pronouncement that Protection is the only way to deal with unemployment. The country will note it, and a General Election must take place before any such move is made.

A Strong Weapon.

Both Britain and America are being pressed by the Allies to cancel their war debts. Their answer should be short and firm: "Stop militarising Europe and we will be generous. Otherwise—pay up!"

The Danger Point.

The spread of the Rhineland Republican movement emphasises the danger of keeping our troops in Cologne. At any moment we may be faced with a grave dilemma and international complications. Bring them home before it is too late.

A Suggestion.

If the Government wish at one stroke to please the Dominion Premiers and their own patient people, why not announce the restoration of the penny post? It would be a gesture of the right kind, and better than a tax on dried fruits which pleases nobody.

None So Blind!

The Home Secretary says the Government has the support of the country in its policy of going slowly in trying to improve the unemployment problem. If the rest of his colleagues think likewise they're in for a rude awakening—and at no distant date.

Admiralty Contracts

In a recent article criticisms were made upon Admiralty methods relating to Contracts to which exception has been taken. Our attention having been called to the matter, full inquiry was instituted. As a result of this inquiry we are satisfied that the statements made by us were unwarranted. We unhesitatingly withdraw the statements to which exception has been taken, and we desire publicly and unreservedly to express our regret that the article should have appeared in our columns, and frankly to apologise for the error.

If He Only Had!

Mr. McKenna's denunciation of the idea that crippling Germany is going to benefit our trade is another contribution to the common-sense that is creeping slowly into international politics. Mr. Baldwin is probably bitterly regretting that he allowed himself to be bullied out of appointing Mr. McKenna Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Stop the Rot!

Like ourselves, Sir Eric Geddes is seriously alarmed at the financial policy of the Government which has restricted credit and depressed wages. In his demand for an expert commission to inquire into its workings he has our fullest support.

Echo!

Sir Eric Geddes complains that the Government has not applied his "Axe" sufficiently and suggests that further economies could well be made. We've been saying this for a long time.

The Distant Drum.

Behind the silence that reigns over affairs in India the drums of war are beginning to rumble. When Parliament reassembles its first business must be to insist on a full statement of what is happening there. All is not well with India.

More Lessons for Socialists.

Following Switzerland, Czecho-Slovakia has had resort to the Capital Levy. The result is the same—it was a failure. We trust the Labour Party will not be blind to the facts. They contain a useful political lesson.

A Cool Cheek!

The National Union of Manufacturers is in full cry for tariffs on all imported manufactured goods. But the public has realised that this is merely asking for protection for profiteering and incompetence, and they won't have it.

A Straight Offer.

The building trade unions have offered to co-operate with the Government in developing a scientific scheme for organising the industry and settling the housing problem. It is an offer that should be accepted without hesitation.

Work Waiting to be Done.

The railways which have £130,000,000 in hand have not made good the wear and tear of the War to any great extent. Why don't they put this work in hand forthwith and so provide thousands of men with urgently needed jobs?

The Distressful Country.

Once more Ireland is in the limelight. Not the least of the problems is the fact that while the British taxpayer is paying heavily for the Government's blunder in illegally deporting the Sinn Feiners, the Southern Loyalists can obtain no redress at all. All is not well with Ireland.

A Bright Idea.

Mr. Gavan Duffy, M.P., suggests that when Parliament reassembles the Labour Party should refuse to allow any business to be transacted until the unemployment question has been thoroughly attacked. Given the necessary tactical ability the Labour Party might do worse than adopt his plan.

An Amazing Proposition.

The request that a national Labour Conference should consider how the Labour Party can best help the German working class leaves us gasping. And at a time when the British working class is suffering the biggest slump in its history! Verily the fool hath his eyes on the ends of the earth!

Apathy or Impotence?

While British shipyards are idle, America, Germany and Italy are challenging our mercantile marine in an ever-increasing competition. Why does the Government do nothing? Is it that they can't—or that they can't be bothered?

Muddle—As Usual.

The new Pensions Warrant dealing with re-assessment is, as usual, packed with ambiguities, and no provision is made for appeal or questioning the decision of the Ministry. Major Tryon seems incapable of doing anything right.

Wrong from the Start.

The "British Fascisti," who have now come into the open, claim that their movement is thoroughly British. Never was there a bigger fallacy. A nation accustomed to democratic self-government has no time whatever for castor-oil methods and secret terrorism.

Always Somebody Else.

The League of Nations has arranged a loan of £1,000,000 by the Bank of England for the settlement in productive employment of the Greeks driven out of Asia Minor. If they've arranged one for the Britons driven out of their own homes we haven't heard of it.

We Progress.

Following the success of our protests against the spoliation of Holmbury Hill by the Admiralty, the War Office is reconsidering its attack on Lulworth Cove. The Government is beginning to realise that the public does not appreciate such wanton vandalism.

Incredible Ineptitude.

The Government is pledged to impose a duty on malted barley and, to find out how to do this, has appointed a Special Committee. There seems, in these circumstances, no need whatever for an expensive Civil Service, if fourteen members of the public have to be called in before the Government can devise methods of carrying out its policy.

Understaffed.

At an inquest at Leyton it was stated that a man had fallen out of bed in a hospital ward that held thirty-two patients with only one nurse in charge. No wonder the jury expressed the opinion that there should be more nurses.

Hard Times for the Islanders.

The islanders of Lewis are facing unprecedented darkness as winter sets in. Crops have failed, steam trawlers have largely destroyed the fishing, and the crofters receive no dole. Sheer starvation faces this sturdy and hard-working people. The Government must step in promptly and help.

Shameful Neglect.

At Port of Ness there are no made roads, and for six months of the year little children tramp to school through rivers of water and mud, and sit and shiver all day with wet feet and inadequate clothes. Is there no means of setting workless men to such waiting work? If the bairns were foreigners their condition might arouse Christian pity.

Terror in the Toy.

Now that the Christmas toy trade is about to begin, we must protest against the sale of celluloid toys to young children. These toys look attractive, and are usually cheap—actually they are very expensive, because should a spark or other naked flame touch them a tragedy can easily result. We call on the Home Office to forbid the sale of such dangerous toys.

A Good Lead.

Colonel Mackenzie Rogan, to use his own words, believes in enlightening the minds of prisoners instead of leaving them to stew in their own evil juice. He is going round the jails with his lecture on the Romance of Martial Music, and everywhere finds the men keenly appreciative and capable of having their better natures aroused by educational efforts. Exactly what JOHN BULL is constantly pointing out.

A Mite's Love.

Though the parents of Phœbe Findlay, a six-year-old heroine of South Tarbrax, Forfarshire, have lost their child through accidental burning, they may well be proud of the stoicism of their little daughter. When this mite lay at death's door and was undergoing awful suffering, her only thoughts were for her mother. "Dinna greet and hurt yersel, mither," were her last words. Even the pangs of death could not quench the love of this little one.

Competition!

Edwin Webb, of Tanfield Lea, was employed by the Northern Omnibus Company, of Newcastle, but being a young man of ambition and industry, he bought a 'bus and started on his own. Whereupon the wealthy syndicate seems to have quaked with a mighty consternation, for they detailed three 'buses on week-days and four on Sundays to deal with this upstart fellow who dared to challenge their supremacy on the roads. It is rather like sending steam rollers to crush an ant.

Methymaniacs Amok.

"Mogging parties" are a new moral horror of Merseyside, as the Liverpool police are now aware. Women "club" together in private houses, lose their senses and degrade their sex under the influence of methylated spirits, some of the scenes indulged in being such as have no parallel in Chinatown. Sometimes the methymania takes on a dangerous character and life is imperilled. When will the authorities restrict the sale of the stuff that is destroying many souls?

Yellow Drug Smugglers.

Huge profits are made by drug smugglers, and some of them are trying to get their stuff through at North-country ports. Chinese and other foreign seamen are allies of the agents, and allow the drugs to be cunningly concealed in their quarters. In a specially constructed flue in a cook's galley scores of pounds of drugs were concealed. The hiding-place was carefully bricked over. Other devices for conveying the poisonous stuff are equally ingenious. The traffic must be stopped.

The Prison Taint.

At Leven Sessions a hero may not hope for mercy when he slips. Walter Baxter, of Hornsea Bridge, who yielded to sudden temptation, is now in jail. His character before that was good, and his medals and diploma showed how he had risked his life for others. Why was not such a man saved from the prison taint and given a chance?

A Deal of Common-sense.

Housewives of Deal showed the right fighting spirit when they co-operated in a movement to boycott local sellers of foodstuffs, the prices of which they thought excessive. The inevitable result followed and prices in Deal came tumbling down. Such a crusade should be extended to the larger cties.

Turning Out the Sick.

What manner of man can E. J. Thomas, of 41, London Street, Maindee, Newport, Mon., be? He has just obtained an order for possession within three months against Mrs. Abel, who has lain bedridden at the same address for nearly twelve years. Judge Hill Kelly said it was a case of hardship—but made the order! Does Thomas expect the bedridden woman to take up her bed and walk?

Tommy First—Not Bobby.

Municipalities display a striking preference for giving jobs to pensioned bobbies. One ex-cop who clicks a five-guinea-a-week pension has been found a four-guinea job in the L.C.C. Tramways Dept. So many men are out of work that it would be better to give the post to a poor fellow who has no pension. Ex-Service men who have no cash should come before ex-policemen.

A Bicycle Hog.

Samuel Anderton, a lad of fifteen, of Church Lane, Lowton, Lancs, was knocked down by a bicyclist in Newton Road, Lowton. He is still in the Leigh Infirmary, and all that is known of the bike-hog who bowled him over is that someone was seen hurriedly walking away carrying a damaged machine. There should be an uneasy conscience somewhere in the neighbourhood.

Pluck and Modesty.

Francis Beken, of Gladstone Terrace, Battersea, is as modest as he is plucky. After diving off the Embankment into the Thames and rescuing a seven-year-old boy, Beken quietly slipped away while the rescued youngster was being attended to, and it took an observant constable three days to trace him. Beken is to receive £5 from the Carnegie Hero Fund, and the Royal Humane Society Medal. Good luck to him!

Educational Junkers.

The Willesden Education Authority refused admission to a girl pupil who had been away from school with ringworm. She was certified as being well by a private doctor, but her father would not let her be examined in the school clinic in case she should catch another complaint. Hence the decision of the authority, who summoned the father for not sending the girl to school. He won the case, and on appeal the authority were again beaten. Bravo, dad!

The Lambeth Walk.

Don't, if you see a man being marched through the streets by the police, jump to the conclusion that he is a felon. He may only be a poor but respectable man like Mr. William Meader, who had been accused of working a lame horse. At Lambeth, Mr. Rooth, the magistrate, told the police-sergeant off for his Prussian methods. It is time that the police summoned alleged offenders instead of making them victims of processions.

A JOHN BULL Girl.

We raise our hat to Marian Stephens, aged fourteen, of Pontypool. Left alone in a house with two young children, she kept her head where many elder folk would have lost their's. A fire broke out in the bedroom where the children were sleeping, and instead of rushing out, screaming for help, Marian set to work to rescue her charges. Twice she dashed into the blazing bedroom, emerging each time with one of the frightened, but otherwise unhurt, kiddies in her arms. The flames were licking the side of the cot when she snatched out the second child. Well done, Marian!

Twentieth-century Tenderness.

People round Whitechapel way stare at street accidents, but don't help the victims. Solomon Jaffa lay fatally injured in Whitechapel Road while a policeman gave first aid and a crowd pushed and struggled to get a clear view of the free show. A mean skunk of a shopkeeper complained, because the ambulance backed into his gateway, that he was losing trade. Heaven help people injured in Whitechapel. Passers-by won't!

Railway Rails in Vain.

Because John Nunan, a victim of the railway smash at Milton Range Halt in August of last year, carried a workman's ticket which stated the company's liability for injuries to be limited to £100, the South-Eastern Railway Co. refused to pay more. Learned Law has now decided otherwise, and Mrs. Nunan gets a further sum of £800. It does not add to the dignity of the Company that it appealed against this decision, which appeal was, of course, dismissed.

The Spies of West Ham.

Serious allegations as to the victimising of small traders are made concerning officers of the West Ham Council. The method is to go to some small shopkeeper, often a kind-hearted woman, and under plea of urgency persuade her to sell some useful commodity after closing hours. Next day the seller finds herself caught in the trap that has been carefully laid, and prosecuted for infringement of the law. *Agents-provocateurs* are not popular in this country, and officers caught in these mean tactics must go.

Life in a Stable.

Into the heart of Albert Marman, of Battersea, there must creep a dangerous spirit of bitterness in view of the tragic sequence of experiences as a result of the local housing scandal. Unable to find rooms, he has had to live with his wife in a stable for which he paid 6s. weekly, while his four children have been taken from him by the authorities until he finds a house. And now the couple have been turned out of the stable, although the wife is expecting another child. Ordinary humanity demands that a roof should be provided for this tragic family.

Major Tryon's Cripples.

Badly wounded during the war, as a result of which he has to wear surgical boots fitted with "drop-foot" irons, a reader applied to the Ministry of Pensions for a new pair, in accordance with the leaflet given him on his discharge, stating that all surgical appliances would be provided free by the Ministry. Judge of his distress and dismay on being informed that surgical boots are now supplied only in cases of deformed feet or short legs. Could anything be more abominably cruel than to swing the economy axe against wounded men's legs?

Pillar-box Pilferers.

Perturbed by the number of letters which have failed to reach their destination lately, the Postal Authorities have been busy setting traps for dishonest postmen. These have not availed much, for the thefts are due largely to pillar-box pilferers, a gang of whom have headquarters near Tottenham Court Road. They operate by the simple method of angling with a line and a lump of lead smeared with birdlime. The easiest way to prevent this pilfering is to provide pillar-boxes with up-to-date safety slots instead of the antiquated gaping holes through which letters are now posted.

Trade Union "Principle."

Before applying for a vacancy in the L.M. & S. Railway sheds, a Dewsbury wagon builder consulted a local official of the Wagon Builders' Union, and was assured that there would be no opposition to his membership. He got the job, but had to resign on the third day owing to his candidature being rejected. Consequently he is out of work, and his condition is rendered worse by the fact that he threw up other employment to better himself. The Union say they have nothing against him personally, but are upholding "a principle." What sort of principle is it that results in such oppression?

Hay the Horrid.

Charles Peter Hay has the body of a man and the mind of a slimy reptile. He made love to a soldier's bride, took her away, forced her to "marry" him by threatening to tell her husband, and then sent her on the streets of Leeds and lived on her shame. Daisy Bryant, the woman, gave herself up for bigamy and was sentenced to two days' imprisonment. On one occasion Hay did three months for living on her earnings, but this time he goes free, and laughs at the law. Why?

Robbing the Cradle.

Married men who pose as single and win the love of children need sterner treatment than was meted out to Arthur Taylor. This Don Juan of the nursery made love to a Greenwich child of 15, who begged him to take her away, not knowing that he was married. The two tramped the country, sleeping in barns, and it was only because the foolish child left home of her own accord that Taylor got off when charged with abduction. He is a cradle robber of a mean type.

Uniformed Detectives.

Besides dealing with divorce, desertion, and blackmail, "Dale's Private Detective Society," 30, Broad Street, Bristol, do a little debt collecting. This is how they write demanding settlement of an account of 4s. 4d. which was paid a year ago: "Unless you do so, we shall send our uniformed collector with 'Debt Collector' on his hat and coat, and all the people in the street will know what he is calling for." We can imagine all the neighbours turning out to give him a reception!

Hun-English.

"The orders is to be fulled as the reflectants wiched the methode to use very esy, you must tacke the cover over, and then fill the compartement, left and right, and then close the two cover again, then you shall do the same again, after you will see the automatic work." If you can do this, you may have the pleasure of paying "2.75 marks gold for Porto Ouer," to A. F. Kliesing, Koln-Kettenberg, for a trick cigarette box. The Huns will have to improve their English before they can hope for orders.

Lure of the Oriental.

Strange facts concerning the irresistible attraction that Asiatics possess for white women came to light during the hearing of a case at the Thames Police Court, when Britannia Williams was sent to prison for selling packets of cocaine while posing as a hawker. Williams' trade was mostly done with the white wives of Chinamen, who are said to form a close corporation for indulgence in this form of evil. Meanwhile, these women are bringing into the world children who will grow up without national allegiances and, in their turn, be a problem for the future to deal with.

A Hero's End.

The body of William Chignall, an aged and destitute hero of the 99th Foot, who served with conspicuous gallantry in the Zulu War, was taken to the grave at Tiptree, Essex, under disgraceful circumstances. Representatives of the British Legion there were anxious to salute the dead fighter, but after the bereaved widow had been waiting for instructions from the Poor Law Union for five days, the corpse was hurried to the grave in a cart, with nobody to do the veteran reverence. What has Tiptree to say about this treatment by its Poor Law Officials of one of our builders of the Empire?

A Dean and Depravity.

The Dean of Peterborough was Chairman of the Bench when Henry Ostler, aged seventy, of Helpston, pleaded guilty to an offence against a little girl of nine, but his Very Reverend's presence did not assure the punishment such horrible conduct merited. A solicitor mentioned that the defendant celebrated his golden wedding a fortnight after he committed the crime, and a local clergyman having testified to his previous character, the Dean sentenced the disgusting old wretch to two months in the second division. Seventy is old enough to know better, not old enough to excuse such depravity.

A Considerate Cadi.

When Robert Hope, an ex-sergeant, was charged with begging at Lavender Hill, the police stated that he had two previous convictions against him, thirteen years ago. Mr. Marshall, the magistrate, said he would pay no attention to these, and dismissed the case. There are too many police attempts to hang a dog because of his bad name, and we admire this magistrate's sane justice.

Traffic in Filth.

Over fifty thousand articles of an obscene nature have been discovered on the premises of two Houndsditch firms who trade in fancy goods. They were alleged to have arrived, unordered, from Germany along with a consignment of more decent goods. All the same it is worthy of note that neither Messrs. Brahams nor W. Goldstein and Co., the firms in question, destroyed these moral-corrupting goods until ordered to do so by law.

Peter's Cheek.

An impudent rascal is Peter Paton, formerly of Wells Street, W.C.—address for the next eighteen months, c.o. H.M. Prisons. The saucy rogue supplied "inside" information about gee-gees, and told the Recorder at the Old Bailey that if people had money to throw away on horses, "I don't see why they should not lose it to me." Peter preyed on women and thought himself very clever. He will have plenty of time now to ponder on his smartness.

Problems of Life.

THE WORLD AND YOU.

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MRS. ASQUITH says in her autobiography that the world's estimate of well-known persons is always wrong.

Thackeray, on the other hand, has stated that the world is every man's looking-glass: the face he shows to it it shows to him.

There is truth in both observations. Popular judgments of public characters are often ludicrously inaccurate. An epithet will stick when a discriminating tribute is forgotten; a phrase may be enough to make or mar a reputation; the general impression of a personality may be neither more nor less than a caricature.

The eminent Lord Morley of Blackburn owed something to having been dubbed "honest John"; but Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman once told me that he was the most uncertain in temper and difficult to manage of all the Liberal ministers.

What would have happened to his career if he had been labelled "cranky John"?

The unfortunate association of Mr. Asquith's name with the maxim "wait and see," uttered when it was the herald of vigorous action, did much to drive him from office long afterwards.

Did the public ever know the real Parnell, Kitchener, General Gordon, or even Queen Victoria?

But it is when we note how an impression is produced that we see how right Thackeray was.

No man ever shows more than a corner of himself to the world, and the world always mirrors the revelation.

It thinks of you as you allow it to think of you.

If you show yourself weak it will not credit you with strength: if you are known to be a bad comrade you need not look for friendship.

Confess that you are unequal to your job and it will promptly agree with you. Have confidence in yourself and you see it reflected in the face of your friends.

The world is always ready to help the self-reliant and loves the company of those who can make it glad.

New Alien Peril.

The recent outbreak of smallpox in London has been traced to a woman who came from Spain to a London hotel. Is there no medical authority at the ports to see that people like this are not allowed to disembark?

No Chance for a Boy.

Three years in Borstal—years in hell—for stealing one banana, value 1½d.! A sentence, out of all proportion to his crime, little Harold Leslie Bowron, a Darwen lad, has now to endure, though his father pleaded with the magistrates at Preston Quarter Sessions for mercy for his boy. May God help the poor lad, and forgive his judges.

The Smirch on Southampton.

It is imperative that the Southampton Council take immediate steps to purge Kingsland Square of the men who regularly visit that centre for the purpose of selling indecent articles. The police have made a slight gesture by fining one man 40s. for selling such novelties, but isolated convictions do not meet the case at all. What is needed is a wholesale round-up.

Sheep and Hogs.

An Inverness motor driver, Thomas M'Donald Robertson, on the Nairn road recklessly ran a charabanc into a flock of sheep. Many were injured, and twenty-three were killed outright. At the Sheriff's court a £5 fine was considered to be a quite sufficient punishment with the endorsement of Thomas' licence. What luck some road-hogs have!

Deport Him!

Still another must be added to the list of strange devices by which undesirable aliens extract a fat living from foolish women in this country. Jerzy Marian Modzelewski is a handsome young Pole who has been getting his living as a professional dancer, taking ladies to night clubs, and then extracting blackmail. Afraid of their husbands, the women would not come forward, so the magistrate had no alternative but to fine on a lesser count, that of being in possession of firearms without a licence. Truly, a pleasant young brute to be loose among English girls.

A Slow Silkworm.

M. Hare, of 34, Maiden Lane, London, W.C., who advertises for home-workers to knit jumpers from artificial silk and Shetland floss which has to be purchased from him, has not improved in his methods since we exposed him over a year ago. A reader who sent him 12s. 6d. for a pound of Shetland floss on October 8 was still without the material on October 24, and had been unable to obtain a reply to repeated inquiries as to the cause of the delay. Moreover, his price for Shetland floss seems excessive, seeing that such wool is advertised in the daily papers at 5s. 6d. a pound.

A Foolish Flat Trap.

Applicants for a post as Secretary advertised by B. Clarke, 59-60, Chancery Lane, received a communication saying: "Having approved of your particulars, we will take up your references and put your name forward to our client with a view to effecting an introduction. We should be glad to receive our fee of seven shillings and sixpence by return of post." But B. Clarke seems to have such contempt for the intelligence of his applicants that he disdains even to camouflage his ramp by a properly typewritten letter and sends out his demand for 7s. 6d. by means of a cyclostyled circular!

The Beautiful Bosche.

Boesche and Fichtner, 8-10, Golden Lane, London, E.C., are the agents for Kunst and Werbedruch, G.M.B.H., Esslingen, A.N., who are sending out circulars with samples soliciting orders for reproductions of photographs of British war memorials. It is bad enough to know that many of these memorials were made in Germany without being continually reminded of the fact by pictorial representations of them produced by the beautiful Bosche. Yet Kunst & Co. predict that "this card will have in the next season a very large success on the market." We do *not* think!

Coups On Coupons

COMPLAINTS of the conduct of football coupon betting concerns continue to reach us by every post.

The place of prime dishonour this week must be given to Alec Jamieson & Co., of 37, New Oxford Street, London, W.C., who, although they claim to have been established eleven years, do not appear to have yet learned the first principles of business honesty, wide as that term is as applied to gambling transactions.

On Saturday, September 15, a Cardiff reader invested, through a local agent, the sum of eight shillings on two of their "Challenge" coupons. On the results of the matches the sum of twenty-six shillings was due to him. The agent informed him that although he had received coupons for the following week's matches, he had not been sent any cash to settle claims.

Our reader wrote to the firm on September 20 requesting payment of his winnings, and obtaining no reply, followed up with a letter on September 24 threatening proceedings.

He received a reply dated September 21, but which was obviously not posted until September 24, regretting that owing to heavy losses sustained the firm had had to suspend payment until further capital was available.

From then onwards until October 11, he received evasive replies to his demands, and then threatened to "write to JOHN BULL about it." The result of this was a letter impugning the value of his "bare word," and offering to meet him half-way, provided he assured them that he had not carried out his threat. Further correspondence followed, but no cash.

Alec Jamieson & Co. print on their coupons in large type "Remember We Pay." The instance given above is one of a number brought to our notice in which they have not paid.

Several complaints have reached us regarding Charles Jones, of 21, Great Russell Street, London, W.C., who has written to claimants of winnings saying: "I am finding great difficulty in raising money to pay out, and can only suggest that you have free bets amounting to £—— and a bonus as soon as my business becomes solvent."

This is poor consolation to an agent who, in order to retain his reputation for honesty among his fellow workmen, has borrowed money to pay them their winnings.

For similar or other reasons we do not recommend dealings with Stewart Smith, of Dundee, who declares winners will be paid out as soon as he has disposed of his garage and cars.

And we also warn readers against Walters, Morgan & Co., 103, Regent Street, W., and Stuart & Co., 4, Great New Street, E.C.

Ringing the Changes

IT seems to be a paying thing to go into business, fail and start again—under another name! Russian immigrants are specially good at the game.

THE City of London has been described as the hub of the universe. Britishers like to think that this is true, as it certainly is in the financial and commercial sense.

They are, therefore, rightly jealous of the reputation of the City of London. Unfortunately there is no copyright in this proud title.

A few days ago a concern called the City of London Co-operative Stores, Ltd., of 74, Ludgate Hill, E.C., went into liquidation, after some drastic comments upon its proceedings printed in this journal.

The people who ran this concern were anything but typical British merchants, as one might suppose from its grandiloquent title. They were Lily Lannon, the Governing Director, and her husband, David.

David Lannon sounds almost like a British name. It was not the name which its owner was born with. He first saw the light in Russia, and came to this country as Davidoff Gershgorn, a name which he subsequently decided to change for reasons best known to himself.

Mr. Davidoff Gershgorn belongs to a very enterprising family. He is related to a gentleman called Philip Lannon, a Director of a Company called Philip Clay & Co., Ltd., which, after a short and inglorious career, went into compulsory liquidation. Philip Lannon's birth name was Pinkus Gershgorn.

Another member of the family is Barnett Gershgorn, who owned a company called the London Mantle Company, Ltd., and was also a life director of a concern called Norman Scott, Ltd. Norman Scott, Ltd., had a very stormy career. The life directors of the concern were Barnett Gershgorn and Abraham Gershgorn, and George John Murray, a sound British name adopted by a Russian formerly called Choney Hershorn.

Norman Scott, Ltd., were "Ladies' Tailors," having establishments at the Broadway, Acton, at 9, Church Street, Enfield, and at 333, Mare Street, Hackney. After it had been in existence two years, a meeting of its creditors was called, who were told that the trade liabilities amounted to something like £10,000.

There were assets said to be worth between £6,000 and £7,000, but unfortunately there was a debenture holder who claimed that £10,000 was owing to him. He is a Mr. Bertram Gilbert, formerly Goldberg.

A liquidator was put in called Solomon Lazarus. This gentleman has now been appointed Receiver of the City of London Co-operative Stores, Ltd. His function seems to be to come in at the death of any of the Gershgorn businesses.

The creditors of Norman Scott, Ltd., were offered five shillings in the pound, an offer subsequently increased to 6s. 8d., and accepted. The Chairman said that the bulk of the stock had disappeared and he understood that a quantity of it went to a concern called William Devonport, Ltd.

Devonport is another nice British name. It seems to suggest almost the security of something with the British Navy behind it. It was a mantle and costumier's business, the directors of which were Abraham Gershgorn and Fanny Gershgorn, and G. J. Murray, formerly Choney Hershorn.

Abraham Gershgorn was formerly Abraham Hershorn, and apparently shared the family habit of juggling with surnames. After a few months William Devonport, Ltd., charged all its assets on a debenture in favour of David Lannon and Philip Lannon, or Davidoff Gershgorn and Pinkus Gershgorn.

One of the creditors of the City of London Stores did some construction work for the concern. David Lannon, or Davidoff Gershgorn guaranteed the performance of the contract. The creditor now finds that Davidoff Gershgorn has no property, everything being in his wife's name.

It is a complicated, involved and intricate story, full of changing names, and fluctuating businesses. In the background there are creditors who have lost many thousands of pounds in concerns controlled by these Russians, who have not disdained to cover their elusive methods of doing business with the splendid title of the City of London.

Obviously these businesses are open to suspicion, and their affairs are so complicated that it is almost impossible to get a clear idea of how they are conducted.

But in the case of Norman Scott, Ltd., the procedure can be traced. It bought goods on credit, and then sold them to another Gershgorn concern. This latter business is mortgaged on debenture in the same way as Norman Scott, Ltd., and to the same person, Mr. Gilbert, formerly Goldberg.

There is a Business Men's Committee in the House of Commons. We suggest that it should investigate the complicated tangle of the Gershgorn enterprises. It should also press for such legislation as will prevent immigrants from Russia, or anywhere else, from starting businesses with names like the City of London Co-operative Stores, Ltd., and bringing into discredit the financial reputation of the merchants of the City of London.

Lair of the Night Birds

THE scandal of proprietary clubs, set up to make profits out of selling drink, has been repeatedly exposed in these columns.

Some time ago we drew attention to a specific case, the Cosmopolitan Club, of 4, Hanway Street, Tottenham Court Road, W. This den was run by a man called Robert Henry Goulding, who included in his qualifications a previous conviction for selling drink without a licence.

That ought to have been enough to arouse the curiosity of the police. Goulding, in any case, anticipated their vigilance. We told how he had arranged a complicated system of precautions against a police raid. In the main room upstairs, devoted to gambling and hard and fast drinking, a buzzer was fitted. Behind the street door was a tiny bell push, and, in the door itself, was the tiniest of spy-holes.

When a stranger came to the door, he was inspected through the spy-hole. If he looked suspicious the secret bell-push was pressed and the buzzer in the drinking and gambling room gave its warning. Glasses were emptied, money swept off the tables, and the place was given a perfectly respectable appearance, if such a word can be used in connection with the shady bookmakers, the bribe-taking waiters, the immoral women, the confidence tricksters, and all the other parasites of the fast life who made this place their home.

After our exposure the place was even more carefully run for a time. A copy of JOHN BULL was on the counter, and members were invited to read it so that they might appreciate the necessity of greater caution.

The police watched the place and, after an unofficial discussion with our Special Commissioner, decided to raid it. The raid took place, and Goulding was fined £105 and £26 costs, and the club was struck off the register.

We congratulate the police on their successful though rather belated effort. But we warn them against any relaxation of vigilance. The Cosmopolitan Club was fined last year for selling drink after hours on unlicensed premises, and was struck off the register. It paid the fine and got on the register again as the "New Oxford Club," run by the same persons, in the same premises.

Unless the police are vigilant the same thing will happen again. The law which permits this is obviously ineffective, but the police in this case know the facts. They know the record of these premises, where thieves meet together and concoct their villainies, and entertain one another with entire indifference to such negligible matters as police regulations and legal restrictions.

It is obviously a disgrace that a man who had been previously convicted should be able to get a club licensed for the very premises where he had so insolently defied the law, and the magistrates who grant this permission are entitled to complain if the police do not bring before them the record of the people who apply for such licences.

Appalling Child Slavery

HEARTS will grow heavy and eyes will blur with misty tears in the reading of this sad story of cruelty to a helpless little emigrant.

IT has been our unpleasant duty to criticise the scheme under which the Government sends out to Canada children of both sexes, and of tender years, to seek their fortune in that great Dominion. We told the story of Albert Cartner, a young English boy, happy and high-hearted, who went to Canada to learn farming. His emaciated corpse was found in the prairie house where he had been apprenticed. He died in a dark cellar without medical attendance.

Commenting on this case we said plainly that the great Canadian people would resent intensely that the fair name of their Dominion should be besmirched by the glaring inefficiency of a few officials.

We regret to say that we have now to call public attention to another appalling tragedy, which endorses our demand that this whole question of migrating children should be thoroughly investigated.

A little girl called Laura Elman, who is only eleven years of age, was sent by the authorities to work on a farm in the Brandon district of Winnipeg, a farm owned by a man named Goring.

The Gorings were obviously the kind of people who ought not to be entrusted with children. Mrs. Goring treated this child abominably. In the severity of a Canadian winter, when snow covered the ground, she punished little Laura for some alleged wrong-doing by stripping the clothes from her and sending her out naked to draw water from the well. The unhappy mite went to the well without a stitch of clothing on her, and brought back a bucket of water to the female monster.

This savage woman took the bucket of water and threw it over the naked child. Then she drove the crying girl-slave out of the house again to fetch another bucket of water, and, when that was brought, it was thrown over her too.

The result of this inhuman treatment was that the child developed frost-bite in her toes. She got no attention. She was left to suffer.

Her toes fell off. To-day she is going about with feet that are mere stumps, and for the rest of her life will be a cripple. Not only has she lost her toes, but the little finger on her left hand is missing from the second joint. The little finger and the first finger on her right hand are partly gone, the result of frost-bite.

She is suffering from ulcerated tongue. The farmer's wife used to order her to put out her tongue, and, when she did so, would hit her under the chin so that she bit it. The unfortunate girl was terrorised. She was alone, she was an orphan. She was thousands of miles from the place where she had been brought up and where her friends lived.

There are scars on her body as large as a Canadian dollar. There are ulcers on her legs right up to the thigh, where chunks of flesh were bitten out by the winter frosts. She walks with a limp that will never leave her.

The physical injuries form a dreadful catalogue of horror. The mental injury is perhaps even worse. The child is a nervous wreck, almost afraid to speak, with a hunted look in her eyes that is heartbreaking.

Poor little motherless thing, sent out into the world by a kindly government, which gives a subsidy for every one of these child emigrants. But apparently it is unable to watch over these children when once they are planted out amongst the people who employ them.

If there were adequate inspection, if reasonable guarantees of conduct and character were exacted, the boy Albert Cartner would not have been found dead on a bundle of rags in a damp cellar, the girl Laura Elman would not to-day be a cripple and semi-imbecile.

The farmer Goring, and his wife, were brought before Magistrate Fraser of Brandon. The child's terrible injuries were shown to the court. In summing up, this magistrate is reported to have said: "It is a pitiable sight to see this girl here, and to know that by such neglect she will suffer for the rest of her life. It's too bad!"

Then an amazing thing happened. The magistrate who had these monsters before him, and the poor, maimed, tortured child, allowed the farmer and his wife to go free, suspending their sentence!

We do not know why he did this. But the incident has aroused the rightful indignation of the Canadian people. They rely upon their paid officials to see that these immigrants shall get what the people of Canada want them to get—a future of promise, a life of happiness.

They are asking what would have happened to the Gorings if they had ill-treated a dog or a cow. They would have gone to jail. There would be no suspended sentence.

But in the cases of Albert Cartner and Laura Elman the sufferers were merely little children, relying upon the protection of Government officials. "God will take care of me," said little Albert Cartner, as he was carried to the bed of rags in the dark damp cellar in which he died.

We leave the rest to the great Canadian people, with the firm conviction that they will put an end to this appalling scandal.

So this is Freedom!

FREE thought and freedom from moral restraint have often been closely associated, and both find a choice champion in the person of an individual named Thomas William Stewart, 23, Arlington Road, Camden Town, who proclaims himself "President of the Freethought League and Founder and First President of the Freedom League, founded in 1913 for the purposes of Neo-Malthusianism Propaganda."

So far as his free thought is concerned, Stewart has long been notorious for his atheistic activities.

At the present time this evil-mouthed "orator" has set up his standard in Caledonian Market, where he holds forth every Friday seeking to prove the non-existence of the Deity.

The more important purpose of these meetings, however, is to secure recruits for his "Freedom League" and customers for the contraceptions which he supplies in a large variety.

He distributes a pamphlet called "Birth Control" in which he endeavours to identify himself with the Malthusian League, though he and his methods are strongly repudiated by that organisation.

Attached to the pamphlet is a Form of Application for membership of his League and advice on methods of practising family limitation. "I know upwards of twenty-five different methods which are healthy, hygienic and harmless," declares this quack. What have the medical profession to say to that?

Anyone "about to become a married person"—and what young girl does not hope for such an event?—may obtain this "advice," which consists of a leaflet describing different methods of contraception with a wealth of detail which is disgusting.

As if such corruption were not sufficient, Stewart is prepared, through the medium of a "Lady Consultant," to give advice on ailments peculiar to women, and actually dispenses draughts and pills to cure female "irregularities" in an apartment which he occupies in Arlington Road, Camden Town.

In his pamphlet he quotes from the writings of a well-known Malthusian as follows:

"No one has any excuse for taking drugs to produce abortion, since hygienic methods of family limitation are within the means of all. Prevention is healthy and legal; abortion is unhealthy, very dangerous, and illegal."

We should like to know what is the purpose of the mixtures and pills which Stewart supplies to women at a charge of twelve shillings and sixpence, and advertises as "safe, sure and reliable."

And we ask the authorities to keep a wide eye on Thomas William Stewart.

A business of this kind, affecting the health of the people, must be subjected to close scrutiny.

Round the World for 2s. 6d.

LUCK is a wonderful thing. So is chance. So is opportunity. So is the enterprising firm of Shipley & Son, Music Publishers, of Goldthorpe, Yorks.

A reader of JOHN BULL replied to an advertisement for a post as an envelope addresser.

He got a letter from this firm saying that the post of addressing envelopes had been filled, but that the firm thought the disappointed candidate might be suitable for another position of trust, the only condition of entering for which was absolute abiding honesty.

There was also another condition in addition to this only condition. It was that the applicant should pay a formal application fee of half-a-crown to cover part cost of the test.

Guarantees were also given, but no guarantee that the half-crown would be returned. This matter is important because some others of our readers were also invited to become candidates, and to pay half-crowns.

But the offer of this job, or of the chance of getting it, was cumbered with guarantees. Shipley & Son, under the heading of guarantee, stated that they had had a satisfactory investigation from the police.

We should like to know more about this. We should like to know by whose authority the Goldthorpe police guarantee the bona fides of the employment offered by Shipley.

We do not believe a word of it. And it requires no imagination to picture the look of blank astonishment on the face of the Goldthorpe Inspector of Police when he reads this intriguing revelation.

But there was more in the guarantee. It may be added that the job was worth £6 a week, and the applicant was told that if he thought the duties incompatible with honesty, Shipley & Son would forfeit £100 to him, and that if after six months at £6 a week he was not satisfactory, they would guarantee him a permanent post at £3 a week.

All this is very good for half-a-crown. Naturally the nature of the duties could not be disclosed, except that they involved tact and reserve. Further, the applicant was required to state if he was prepared to visit periodically the U.S.A. and various British Colonies on behalf of the firm, which would allow travelling expenses and extra remuneration whilst abroad.

This is even better for half-a-crown. £6 a week and see the world! Finally the applicant was told to justify his application for the post "by being discreet and observing that correspondence is private."

Shipley & Son inform us that the half-crown will be returned to applicants considered unsuitable. They did not think of giving this guarantee until we got on their track. We do not believe in their guarantees, whether those they give themselves, or those they quote from the police.

Our advice is to leave the gold in Goldthorpe to Shipley & Son, and to keep your own half-crown in your own pocket.

How Money Is Made

WITH all the respect due to a lady occupying so distinguished a position as the Duchess of Norfolk, we ask her to use her influence with the trustees acting for her son's vast interests in Sussex and London, who have taken up an unpopular attitude in regard to the foreshore and common leasehold rights at Littlehampton.

Knowing what we do, we assure her that they would be wise to think twice before asking the people of Littlehampton to pay now £300 a year for rights that her husband, the late Duke of Norfolk, gave them in 1898 at a nominal annual rent of 2s. 6d. He found the costs of the foreshore a yearly loss.

Now that much public money has turned this loss into a modest profit, and Littlehampton's popularity as a holiday resort has been enhanced, the trustees step in and make this wholly indefensible demand.

Were this a report of statements made at a public meeting, the printer at this point would be called upon to set up "Cries of shame." The delegation the Duchess recently received failed to make her see the matter in a business light.

It has been pointed out by the Council that a special rate would be needed to satisfy the demands. Further, that it is more than possible that as the town develops the demands will develop too.

Is the Duchess not content with the enormous revenue that London ratepayers and leaseholders have helped to build up for her son's great inheritance? They added to their burdens the millions spent on the Thames Embankment, and their debt is not yet extinguished.

The late Duke of Norfolk, the great Strand land-owner, as the result of their expenditure, not his, became a multi-upon-multi-millionaire, when the leases of his properties in Norfolk Street, Arundel Street, Surrey Street, Effingham Street, and the other streets abutting on the new and magnificent Embankment fell in. There are thousands of Strand leaseholders and ratepayers who realise all this.

This petty act now may revive the old agitation that was for some time the battle cry of a politician—a readjustment of land values.

There is a dangerous spirit abroad, and this demand is fanning it. The people of Littlehampton have all their work cut out to exist for nine months of the year, and the trustees want to prevent them benefiting from their own strenuous endeavours during the remaining three months.

Can the Duchess wonder at their resentment, or the wave of resentment that is spreading throughout the country against such petty measures? She should not be surprised if an inquiry is raised shortly as to the rights of the Dukes of Norfolk to claim a public common and foreshore as private property. This is a question that many are now asking.

Death on the Dining Table

THE following startling facts concerning the dangers of preserved food have been obtained by us from the manager of one of London's busiest multiple stores. They are facts which cannot be refuted.

OUR recent food poisoning revelations have aroused intense interest throughout the country, and our demand for an enquiry is being well supported.

It is amazing that certain firms, utterly unknown previous to the war, and grown rich and influential now, are allowed to go on poisoning the public. Even in such an apparently harmless table delicacy as jam is danger to be found.

There are many firms who produce attractive-looking jams in glass pots that contain what is simply doctored filth, charged with boric, or another of its dangerous derivatives. Some of these firms endeavour to protect themselves by stating on the labels: "This jam contains a certain addition of fruit pulp in order to improve it."

But fruit pulp, imported in thousands of tons to this country, may be any old thing—carrots, vegetable marrow, or fruit refuse usually. It is chemically treated and pulped in such a way that defies even an analysis revealing the amount of preservative contained in it.

Recently an eminent medical man published a warning against mothers giving their children sponge cakes of the variety sold so largely by grocers and cheap confectioners.

He was right. The chemicals used for making sponge mixtures, fancy pastries and jellies are most harmful. Working women buy a lot of this faked stuff for making special dainties for the Sunday menu, never realising the danger they are running.

The curious smell that might usually be detected in this cheap sponge cake comes from the cotton seed oil used instead of the butter or fat with which it should be made. The smell of the liquid eggs which help to make this cake beggars description.

Yet this vile compound is commonly used in cake-making and to brush over cakes and buns. Certain self-raising flours are treated with arsenic, as was recently proved in a prosecution on a charge of using an undue quantity.

All bottled and tinned foods contain preservatives. Tinned fish, even sardines in oil, canned milks and health foods are similarly treated. Canned foods are said to be the reason why Americans suffer from dyspepsia so much. And English doctors attribute the increase in many nervous disorders, amongst them neuritis, to the chemicals in preserved foods.

Even fresh meat and fish are chemically treated. We recently spoke of the acid-treated swab used by the butcher. Do you know that the fishmonger puts borax in the water-can when he sprinkles the fish on his slabs? Or that half-cured herrings, prepared in London cellars and shop basements, are treated with boric and bronzed over with a tar mixture and put forward next day as smoke cured?

Another danger is tinned herrings containing tomatoes. There is something in the acidity of the tomato that sets up a gassy smelling fermentation which, added to the preservative, makes this mixture a dangerous food.

Big stocks of "tinned rations" are still held in London. Some of the stock was cleared from Government dumps here and in France at less than a penny per tin. They are to be found on the stores' shelves in working-class and poor districts. The Government should call them in and destroy them.

Invalid foods and dainties, potted, bottled, or tinned are all treated chemically. Potted chicken, or similar delicacies, have preservatives in them which actually destroy their nutritive qualities. Again, invalid wines, of cheapest quality, when doctored with a little meat extract and preservative and sold at high prices, often have a lowering rather than a tonic effect!

A well-known doctor gives his view that children and adult hospitals are now largely concerned, at great cost, in repairing evils caused by preserved and substitute foods.

The whole problem of food manufacture and distribution should be tackled at once by the proper authorities. It is scandalous that death should be lurking in this way on our dining-tables.

Moonshine from the Far West

"OCCASIONALLY there is one big outstanding opportunity that knocks at the door of everyone. *This is yours.* Believe me, Mr. Hogg, there is no question about it."

When you get a letter like this, a nice, cheery, optimistic communication, it tempts you to sit up and take notice.

It came to a gentleman in Cockermouth, Eng., from a firm called The Canadian Sales Association, of Toronto, Ontario, Canada. "Eng." is good enough for Cockermouth, but Toronto, in the opinion of this firm, must be much more fully and complimentarily described.

The opportunity that knocked so impatiently at the door of Mr. Hogg, Cockermouth, Eng., was to become an agent for the Canadian Sales Association, and sell two specialities of their own, specialities concerning which it is said that science and invention, after years of experiment, have triumphed at last.

Their joint and mutual triumph takes the form of something called "Selfsole" and something else called "Silvershine."

"Silvershine," in a word, is a new plate, with some very remarkable qualities. It polishes itself. No powder, no paste, no polishing-cloths, no rubbing, no polishing.

It sounds like a catalogue of negatives banishing toil and trouble from the kitchen door. But we should like to hear a little about the inventor of this plate which polishes itself by being dipped in water in which washing soda has been dissolved.

We are glad to tell you who he is. He is a Canadian who was formerly head polisher at Buckingham Palace, London, Eng.

We tender our unqualified congratulations to the officials of Buckingham Palace. It is rarely that they come out of their stately seclusion and dazzle the world with sunshine, or moonshine, or Silvershine. And it is refreshing to think that, in the royal pantries, there may still lurk inventive geniuses who have only to tear themselves away from the entourage of Royalty to take the commercial world by storm.

"Selfsole" is nearly as magical an affair as "Silvershine." It is a plastic compound for filling and building up the worn parts of soles and heels. It is put on in paste-form at night, ready to wear like leather in the morning. The poet who said there was nothing like leather lived before the comforting age of "Selfsole"—no nails, no lasts, no hammer and no trouble.

And if these negatives are not enough, the Canadian Sales Association sends you a picture of a dog, contemplating a broken pair of boots, with the wise advice: "Don't give them to the dog to play with."

A word or two more about "Selfsole." It will repair motor-car tyres or burst pipes. It seems to be an automatic plumber as well as an automatic boot-repairer, at the same time. It will pack joints—engineering, we presume, not human—will caulk seams in boats, and mend baths.

It is a pity we cannot claim for this invention a lofty pedigree, going at least to Sandringham, if not to Buckingham Palace. But history is silent on the great inventive genius who has come to the rescue of humanity in this matter and has offered to flood with wealth the grateful little town of Cockermouth, Eng.

Only one thing was, "believe me, Mr. Hogg," of Cockermouth, Eng., asked to do. Before he could get the agency, "This Big, Liberal, Unique Chance of a Lifetime," he had to send on £1 for selling instructions and free samples.

There is always a trivial difficulty of this kind in these propositions which knock at our door from so many thousands of miles away.

What we don't understand is why people with these gold-plated, silver-shined winners up their sleeve will not market them through wholesalers in the usual way, but are so persistent in inviting to Toronto, Can., the sovereigns they believe are lurking in places like Cockermouth, Eng.

Conan Doyle's Sensational Challenge!

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

RECENTLY the writer of our spiritualistic revelations told how Sir A. Conan Doyle and many other notable men and women had been deceived at a séance by a simple conjuring trick. Mr. Moseley's disclosures have brought a speedy reply from Sir Arthur, who challenges him to prove his assertions. Our contributor has promptly accepted the challenge, and is arranging for a test to be made in the offices of "John Bull."

Sir A. Conan Doyle

AT last we have an opportunity of applying a real test as to the credulity or shrewdness of spiritualists. Refuting the statements made in the course of my article on "How Conan Doyle Was Tricked," the eminent novelist and leader of British spiritualists has thrown out a remarkable challenge.

Sir Arthur is right in challenging my exposure, because if I am proved correct, if it is a fact that a number of leading spiritualists, including so practical and experienced a man as the creator of Sherlock Holmes, were so palpably tricked, then much of the accepted evidence obtained at spiritualistic séances must come up for re-examination. I have declared that certain results which Sir Arthur affirms were obtained by telepathy, were really achieved by the simple but clever ruse of wireless telephony.

Sir Arthur pours scorn on this explanation. "In a crowded room!" he exclaims. "We spiritualists may be credulous, but I do not think we can go to that length." Well, we shall see what we shall see.

I am considerably relieved to find that my challenger, at any rate, is able to characterise my article as "A very accurate account of what occurred." Not every disputant would be so magnanimous. I recall another séance which I arranged, during which Lady Diana Manners (now Lady Duff-Cooper) and Colonel Claude Lowther, M.P., both declared that they saw "a luminous form." But that confession was made in the dark. When the lights went up they did not stress the point!

* * *

It was open to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, not only to question my description of the séance he attended, but to declare that he knew that it was all a fake. He prefers, however, to stick to his spiked guns. "I am still greatly impressed," he declares, and then he offers the incredible suggestion that the medium and her manager made a bogus confession to me so that they could exhibit the phenomena publicly. The late W. T. Stead also put forward this utterly incomprehensible theory that certain professional conjurers were actually mediumistic, but were afraid of acknowledging it!

I quite understand Sir Arthur's complaint that no adequate explanation of the bogus nature of the séance has been hitherto forthcoming. It is perfectly true that details of the exposure have never been published in the Press, and that JOHN BULL was the only journal in which I described what actually happened. Having done so, I should have thought that that would satisfy Sir Arthur.

I repeat, therefore, that it is my belief that the whole of the first part of the séance in which the medium flabbergasted the entire committee by reading out letters which were heavily sealed and placed in a box, and describing the articles placed in a bag, was jiggery-pokery from beginning to end, and was accomplished by the medium and her agent by means of wireless communication. I also assert that the ghost which so impressed Sir Arthur, Lady Glenconner, and even the sceptics, was also a fake. I pointed out to the medium at the time that I thought it strange that the ghost, on the two occasions I saw it, entered the room from the same direction and disappeared in the same manner. At the end of the seance, nevertheless, everybody stated they were either satisfied or puzzled. Many went away converted!

Now it is never very easy to give "proof" just when it is asked. That is my whole complaint with regard to this inquiry into Spiritualism. Sceptics want proof of genuine phenomena, and spiritualists want proof of alleged trickery. They are very rarely forthcoming, and that is the reason why I have contented myself by merely describing some of the séances I have attended, without pretending to offer proof of their genuineness. You can no more "prove" messages purporting to come from the dead than you can "prove" wireless.

In this case, however, I am glad to say I am in a position to accept Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's challenge. I have not only arranged for the actual medium and her manager to give another demonstration, but I am also able to announce that this historic séance will, in every respect except the venue, be held under the same conditions as before. On this occasion, however, in order to make the test as thorough as possible, the demonstration will take place at the offices of JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, instead of at the flat of the medium.

I have asked the medium's manager whether he still maintains his position that the whole proceedings were faked. At first he demurred; then he replied enigmatically that since he had agreed to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's desire for a second séance he would leave it at that.

"The demonstration which I have agreed to give in compliance with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's request," he added, "will then show whether his belief is right, or whether your scepticism is wrong."

One word more. It is to Sir Arthur's credit that his memory of the proceedings is extremely reliable. He appears to recall very definitely all that took place—or all that he thought took place—but with his accustomed chivalry he defends Lady Glenconner against the charge of having been more credulous than the rest of the distinguished committee.

* * *

I am sorry, but I have to repeat that Lady Glenconner told me that she thought the medium had entirely satisfied her claims to genuine spiritualistic phenomena. "The conditions were not very good," Lady Glenconner declared to me; "but the medium was extraordinarily successful." What does her ladyship say to-day? Does she uphold her position, as Sir Arthur does? At any rate she shall have the opportunity of attending the second demonstration.

I learn, since the publication of my article, that the gentleman who runs the British College of Psychic Science at Holland Park, London, Dr. Hewar MacKenzie, offered the mystery medium in question £1,000 a year for her services as a medium, so thoroughly was he convinced of her clairvoyant powers.

So it will be seen that Sir Arthur has many supporters on his side. I prefer, however, to stick to my contention that the whole thing was hocus-pocus. So get your cheque ready, Sir Arthur!

* * *

Mr. Sydney Moseley has received a large number of interesting letters from readers. He hopes to be able to deal with some of these in a future article.

THE CHALLENGE

"I have read with interest Mr. Sydney Moseley's article upon the so-called 'Masked Medium.' It is a very accurate account of what occurred, save only that I did not observe that Lady Glenconner was more credulous than the two coroners, the police inspector, myself, or any others of the company.

"Mr. Moseley quotes me as saying that I was 'very impressed.' So I was, and so I will continue to be until I receive some adequate explanation. This has not yet been forthcoming.

"The performance began by a remarkable exhibition of what I can only suppose to have been telepathy. Mr. Moseley tells us that it was 'wireless telephony.' This in a crowded room!

"We spiritualists may be credulous, but I do not think we can go that length. Mr. Moseley should measure his legs, for I am convinced that one of them has been badly pulled by the gentleman who gave him so absurd an explanation.

"This first part of the show had nothing in it which belonged to Spiritualism, for telepathy would seem to be a function of the normal body under particular conditions. The second part went further.

"In this second part there issued from the lady's side a slightly luminous vapour. This gathered into a cloud which gradually assumed a shape which was roughly human. This cloud then rose, passed over the lady's head, came down on the other side, and vanished.

"This may have been a trick. If it was I am still 'greatly impressed.' But before I admit that it is a trick, I want some stronger assurance than that of the showman who used Mr. Moseley in order to mystify the Press. Naturally, he said it was a trick, since he proposed to exhibit it, and the example of the Davenport Brothers had shown that the exhibition of psychic things in public led to trouble.

"But I want some better assurance than the word of the showman, or of Mr. Moseley, who is the echo of the showman. If it is not psychic, I will freely admit it, and confess myself deceived, but before doing so I claim that I have a right to an explanation, and a second demonstration, so that I may check that explanation.

"As this may involve trouble, I will willingly pay over £25, either to the manager or to the lady, if they will satisfy me that what I and others saw that night was merely a trick."

Arthur Conan Doyle

Lady Diana Duff-Cooper.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To Sir PHILIP LLOYD-GREAME,
President, Board of Trade.

SIR,—Can you do nothing to help people in the position of Mrs. Griffith, a poor widow whose husband was drowned when the ill-fated *El Kahira* went down? The ship was owned by a foreign firm, it went to sea without wireless, owing to inefficiency in your department. Three hundred pounds compensation was awarded to Mrs. Griffith at Bow County Court. She has not got a penny of it. Is that the way the widows of our brave seaman should be treated?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. G. A. L. WOOLLCOMBE,
Chairman, Ivybridge Magistrates.

SIR,—Where on earth did you obtain your views on the dispensation of justice? Although, no doubt, Matthew Wordsley does not mind, that worthy, manager of Preston Hall Game Farm, Aylesford, sent 100 pheasants to Cornwood—a day's journey. They were packed in six hampers, which were only 7 inches high, while the birds measured from 10 to 12 inches. When they arrived three of them were dying, others had their backs raw as a result of the friction from the hamper; a number were suffering from "gapes." But you, in the face of all this, dismissed the case by suggesting that more care should be taken next time. You should have taken care that there is no next time. JOHN BULL.

To LADY ASTOR, M.P.,
House of Commons.

MY LADY,—Have you read the speech of Sir Archdall Reid, the well-known medical authority on "The Prohibition Fallacy"? Or are you like the other cranks who only read what meets with their approval on any subject? Prohibition, says Sir Archdall, is a fight against nature, and Governments engaged in such a fight not only lose, but create a race of drunkards. A stern warning which should be treated with respect. But will you heed it, or will you go blithely on your way, raising your shrill voice in support of a movement to degrade mankind?

JOHN BULL.

To Sir WALTER RUNCIMAN, Bart.,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SIR,—Speaking on unemployment at Newcastle you said that there was no necessity for so many people to be out of work. You expressed the pious wish that "some of the leaders of what they call the working-classes would impress on the people that they can get work of some fashion if they only look for it." Evidently you are in possession of exclusive information, and we take you at your word. Tell us where a hundred men can find work of any sort, and we will undertake to supply the men in a day. If you care to make it a thousand men or more, we shall be the better pleased. We anxiously await your reply.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P.,
Minister of Health.

SIR,—Cases are constantly coming before local Committees in which charges of incompetence and neglect are brought against panel doctors. The names of the doctors are always withheld. If you want to do a service to the public, and also to the profession, you will let in the light of publicity on these matters. Nothing is ever gained by hiding unpleasant facts. Face them and clear the issue.

JOHN BULL.

To Master FREDERIC POPPLE,
Alfred Road, Clapham.

MY DEAR FRED,—You are only a lad of eleven, but you have shown that you are a kind-hearted and generous little fellow. You attended to a poor man, an old-age pensioner, as he lay dying in his attic, without another friend in the world. You took him food, you gathered sticks for his fire, and held his hand in his last moments. He died calling you "his little pal." Bravo. You are a true son of the breed. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. HERBERT EDWARD EATON,
Tedworth Square, Chelsea.

DEAR ROAD HOG,—You ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself. Twenty times have you been convicted in connection with your driving, and it is obvious that you don't care a twopenny damn either for the safety of pedestrians or the laws of your country. Only the other day you were summoned again on three counts—and there wasn't sufficient room on your licence for further endorsements! I don't suppose the fine of £32 caused you a moment's worry, but if I had my way, you would have been thrown into prison for a term. JOHN BULL.

To ROBERT HOLMES, Esq.,
Police-Court Missionary.

SIR,—You know more about criminal psychology than half the justices on the Bench, and you are talking sound sense when you say that boys should be caned for offences that are mischievous rather than criminal, instead of being sent to Borstal and transformed into ultimate criminals. I have preached the same lesson, and am grateful for your informed and powerful support. "Save the children" is a proud and useful slogan. JOHN BULL.

To SHERIFF MACDIARMID,
Airdrie.

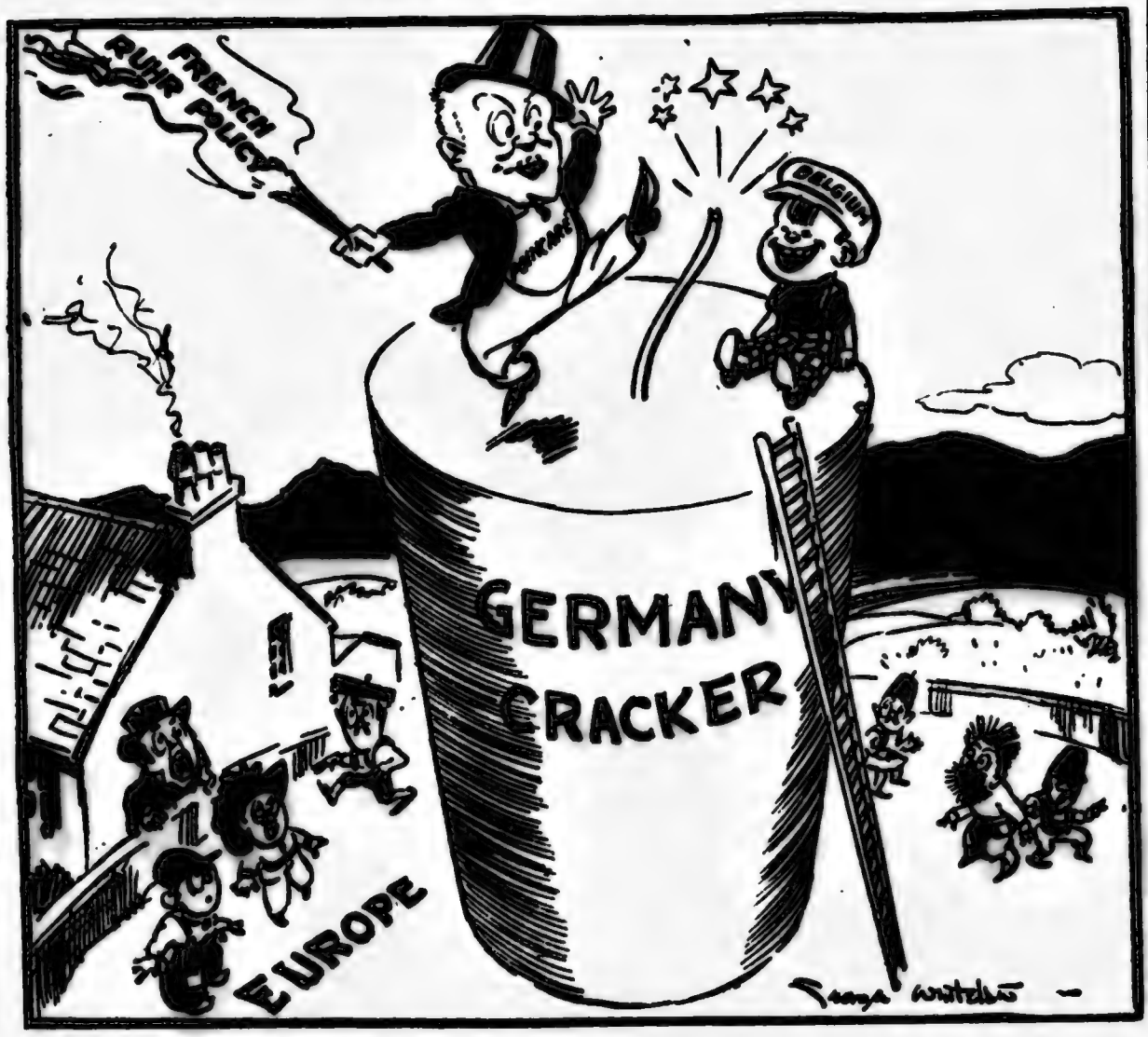
SIR,—You have now concluded the trial of John Watt, the manager; Clelland, the under-manager, and Graham, the electrician, of the Blairmuckhill Colliery, for neglect of duty whereby an explosion was caused, resulting in the death of a man and injury to others. You appear to hold the lives of miners so cheaply that you let these officials off with fines of £35, £10 and £6. Those officials were morally (if not legally) guilty of manslaughter. There is enough blood on the coal without you turning manslaughter into man's laughter. JOHN BULL.

To CAPTAIN J. B. VIGNOLES,
Director-General British Fascisti Movement.

EMBRYO MUSSOLINI,—You are out for a movement in this country on the lines which nearly plunged Italy into war some weeks ago, and you have the colossal nerve to expect ex-Servicemen to support your crazy scheme. But if you expect to overthrow our Government and assume the role of British dictator, I am afraid you hardly realise the rough road that is ahead of you. The British people have a tantalising way of removing inefficient Governments, not by bloodshed and butchery, but by the simple expedient of ballot boxes. They haven't much use for revolutionary risings, really! Try some castor-oil!

JOHN BULL.

ASKING FOR IT!



JOHN BULL (*fearing the worst*): "Hi, you on top, where shall we be when it goes off?"

Without Fear or Favour

PLOT AGAINST THE PREMIER

Novices in Crime

"IT is a grave and terrible thing to send a fellow-creature to prison for the first time, and I ask you to think twice and thrice before doing so." These humane words were spoken, not by any sickly sentimentalist, but by the Lord Chief Justice of England at the Annual Meeting of the Magistrates' Association.

For our own part we have constantly pleaded for a better use of the Probation of Offenders Act, so as to save novices in crime from the stain and stigma of the jail, and it is consoling to hear from the Chairman of the London Sessions, Sir Robert Wallace, that magistrates are at length making increased use of the merciful discretion the law allows.

Already the results are what we have always predicted they would be. The figures show that out of every hundred prisoners bound over only five ever return to criminal life, while since the Probation of Offenders Act has been in force there has been a thirty per cent. diminution in crime.

The system under which first offenders are saved from prison, with its crushing torture of mind and spirit, has passed beyond the stage of experiment and been triumphantly vindicated as an engine of moral reform. The words of the Lord Chief Justice should satisfy the most reactionary magistrate that in the treatment of the young mercy may be blended with justice without injury to the law.

Rent Act Harshness

AS soon as Parliament meets, time must be found to put an end to the intolerable confusion of the Rents Act. At present, owing to the hard-and-fast interpretation put upon the Act by certain judges and magistrates, something very like a wholesale eviction of tenants is going on. Thousands of families are being turned into the streets.

This was never the intention of Parliament. The common-sense view, surely, is that recently held by the County Court Judge at Wolverhampton, who stated that on a fair construction of the Act he considered himself entitled to refuse an ejectment order where its effect would be that a respectable family would have no roof over their heads.

Much turns upon the interpretation of the word "reasonable" where it occurs in the Act, and how it can be held reasonable to evict a tenant who has tried his level best to find other accommodation, but without success, we are at a loss to understand.

At any rate, it is reasonable to appeal to magistrates and judges for a little sympathy and consideration.

The Welsh Sun Rises Again!

IF certain schemes afoot are successful, the people of this country may soon be listening again to the silver-tongued Lloyd George as he stands at his "rudder of State" watching "dawn over the purple mountains."

THE next week or two may witness a dramatic turn in domestic politics. We know what we are talking about when we say that a conspiracy is on foot to unseat Mr. Baldwin and to recall Mr. Lloyd George. This mischievous plot, for so we regard it, is the work of the newspaper bosses. They mean, if the printing-press can accomplish it, to drive the Prime Minister from office, and once again to acclaim the Welsh Wizard as the saviour of his country.

We have good reason to suspect that definite steps towards this end have already been taken. Soon a powerful newspaper group will be in full cry against Mr. Baldwin, attributing to him the main responsibility for the manifold ills from which the world is suffering; while in the person of Mr. Lloyd George they will discover a galaxy of forgotten virtues entitling him to a fresh lease of power.

If this movement were sincere we might have nothing to say against it, but it is not. It is a piece of cunning trickery. The newspaper plotters dislike Mr. Baldwin, not because of his mistakes, but because of his honesty. They want Mr. Lloyd George back in Downing Street, not for any real virtues he possesses, but because they know he has always courted and flattered the great Press combines, and because, therefore, they believe he will be a pliant tool in their hands.

IT is the sturdy independence of the Prime Minister, his indifference to flattery or threats, his imperviousness to hostile criticism, which have earned him the hatred of the newspaper bosses. His blunders they delight in; it is his virtues they detest. And so they are deliberately plotting to bring back Lloyd George, the principal author of the Versailles Treaty.

This plot must be scotched. We yield to none in our grateful remembrance of the part played by Mr. Lloyd George in the Great War, but it is unfortunately true that with brilliant qualities of heart and brain he combines certain fatal defects. It is not unfair to say that upon his shoulders rests a large share of responsibility for the present chaos of Europe. In the war his fire and fervour, his devouring energy, his wonderful gifts of improvisation stood us in good stead; but he conspicuously lacks the fixity of purpose and the moral principle demanded of a British Prime Minister in time of peace.

WE have not forgotten the General Election of November, 1918. We remember those ill-fated and immoral pledges that the German people should be made to pay "to the uttermost farthing," and that we should "search their pockets."

The author of these clap-trap speeches must have known that he was merely spouting hot-air, and that nothing like the vast sums hinted at could ever be extracted from a defeated Germany. But in France as well as in England his words were taken seriously and to-day Europe is reaping the harvest sown by a Prime Minister who so far forgot his duty and his dignity as to turn stump-orator for the sake of an easy victory at the polls.

We do not want a return of these methods. For Britain to-day at the crisis of her fate, honesty is the best policy. As often as we believe Mr. Baldwin to be in the wrong we shall attack him as we have done before, but because we know him to be an honest man with no interest but his country's good, we will support him against the backstairs intrigues of the newspaper millionaires.

Children's Enemies

THERE is no fouler crime than the deliberate defilement of a child. Yet as we have constantly pointed out and proved by sinister chapter and verse, this bestial offence is too often treated by magistrates with a disgraceful leniency calculated rather to encourage than repress the evil.

In some measure the law is at fault. Even where magistrates have a proper sense of the wickedness of these assaults, and of the necessity for stern punishment, their powers fall short of the proper requirements of justice. Still, there is no excuse for the sort of thing which happened at Tooting the other day where a miscreant who had befouled a thirteen-year-old girl in the most beastly fashion, was let off with two months' imprisonment.

We have even seen cases in which the mere payment of a fine has been deemed a sufficient punishment for this atrocious crime. Such episodes shock the conscience of the community. Is it any wonder that in certain cases fathers have taken the law into their own hands and come near to lynching the offenders? Who shall blame them?

It is high time the law was strengthened so as to give expression to the anger felt by every decent man and woman against the authors of these outrages upon children, and that magistrates everywhere recognised their first duty of protecting these defenceless mites against the lascivious attentions of brutes in human guise.

Passing of Pierrot

NO pantomime at Drury Lane! Such is the barren prospect for Christmas in London. From other parts of the country similar reports reach us. Pantomime, it seems, is out of fashion.

Harlequin and columbine have had their day. The clown is a back number. What is the meaning of it all?

Is it that there are no children nowadays but only dignified "young persons"? Are our youngest citizens too grown-up to enjoy the antics of the comic policeman? For ourselves we should have thought that, apart from the youngsters, there were enough Peter Pans amongst us to keep the theatres going during a good run of old-fashioned pantomime.

The staid citizen of mature growth will, of course, always need the company of the younger generation to keep him in countenance as he rocks his sides over chestnuts that were old when he was young, but that he will consent to be cheated of his annual visit without some more satisfactory explanation than has yet been offered, we take leave to doubt.

Lord Rothermere, whose "Hats off" Press has failed in its insidious campaign against the Government.

Gloves Off to Rothermere

by A. G. GARDINER

LORD ROTHERMERE is the man responsible for misguiding M. Poincaré regarding British opinion. But at last France realises that we are not chain-led by this newspaper-owner, and that our desire is to see justice done—as we saw it after the Napoleonic wars.

THERE is a ray of hope in the sky. A beam of light from the West has burst over the dark landscape of Europe. The British Government have asked France and America to join in summoning a conference to deal with reparations, to discover (1) what Germany has paid; (2) what she can pay; (3) how she can pay it. And America has agreed, on one condition—that France is willing.

France is willing. At last, apparently, Poincaré will come to heel.

No intelligent man, no one who desires peace, happiness and prosperity to be restored to this distracted world, needs to be told that this is a momentous fact. The withdrawal of America from the counsels of the Allies was a world calamity. It removed from the angry passions of Europe the one great moderating influence which had no grudges to wipe out, no territory to annex, no fears to cloud its judgment. It left England, which wanted to establish peace on just terms, face to face with France which, not unnaturally, was filled with the passion of revenge.

THE result is before us. Europe is in an incredibly more desperate position than it was on the day that peace was signed. Germany lies helpless, bankrupt, disarmed, starving, dying. Reparations have vanished. Trade has vanished. A million and a-half of unemployed fill our streets. Every industry is stagnant. Along the path that Europe is travelling this country, which lives by peace and thrives on the prosperity of other nations, is doomed. M. Poincaré has been killing this country as surely as he has been killing Germany. *And he knows it.*

What has been his method to accomplish his aim? *It has been to burke inquiry.* If you have a debtor who owes you money and honestly want to get that money from him, you do not catch him by the throat, bludgeon him and leave him dead on the pavement. You ascertain what he has got, what he can earn, what he can pay and how he can pay it. You give him a chance of working, since it is only by his labour that he can pay. But what has been Poincaré's policy? It has been to prevent all inquiry.

FOR four years he has torpedoed every inquiry, proclaimed "no thoroughfare" to every scheme for setting Europe on its legs, and driven his assassin knife deeper into the vitals of his disarmed foe. British Prime Minister after British Prime Minister has protested, pleaded, implored, resisted, until the breaking point had been reached. Poincaré has robbed us of our reparations, he has destroyed our trade, he declines to pay the debt France owes us, or the interest on the debt. He leaves the British taxpayer and the British workman to pay it. He promised Mr. Baldwin that when passive resistance stopped in the Ruhr he would take his hand from the German jugular. Passive resistance has stopped. He has not kept his word. He has gripped the jugular tighter.

In the light of these things Mr. Baldwin appealed for the inquiry which should have been held four years ago and which France alone had defeated. He asked America to join in it, and America consented if France agreed. America made it clear that she wished for an inquiry, but she would not come into a partial conference.

All, therefore, depended on Poincaré. There was a chance that the weighty endorsement of an inquiry by America might make him hesitate to play the wrecker again. Mr. Baldwin implored him to come in—to think once, twice, thrice, before refusing. Every man in authority was behind Mr. Baldwin. The Imperial Conference was behind him. The City was behind him. Commerce was behind him. Labour was behind him.

AND all the time the enemy in our midst (known as Lord Rothermere) is labouring with every weapon of suppression and menace to defeat this desperate effort to bring peace. A single man, so dumb that he never dares to raise his voice in the House of Lords where he can be answered, but armed with a thousand gramophones, a vast broadcasting system that gives him access to every home, sets out to defy the British Government, defeat its aim, poison the public mind against it and make this great country the creature and slave of a foreign Power. He does not even hesitate to intimidate his readers by reminding them that if we don't do as Poincaré wants we may have French long-range guns turned on us and French aeroplanes reducing London and every great city to ruins.

Perhaps the people who read his newspapers like to be insulted. Perhaps they like to be told that they must not disobey M. Poincaré lest he should send his black troops and his aeroplanes to whip us into obedience. But was there ever such a spectacle as this—the spectacle of a silent Peer drawing millions of wealth from the pockets of the people in order to brand them as cowards and to set them to destroy their own Government at the instigation of a foreign dictator?

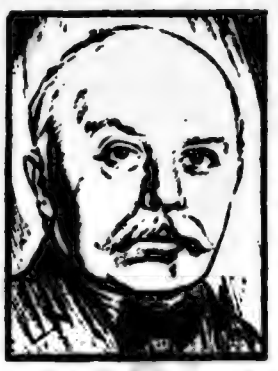
Take his campaign against the inquiry. He first tried to ignore General Smuts' great speech, and then finding that impossible, sneered at the man and garbled his meaning. So with Mr. Baldwin. I am not a political supporter of Mr. Baldwin any more than I was a political supporter of Mr. Bonar Law, but in this great matter he stands, as Mr. Law stood, for England. He is an honest man. He wants to see his country prosperous and Europe at peace, and in his efforts to secure this he commands the support of every loyal Englishman.

But what do we see? Rothermere's vast Press engaged in deriding him, mobilising opinion against him and seeking to overthrow him and his Government in order to put in power some creature and some Government that would take their marching orders from Poincaré and his English Press Agent. If Poincaré had turned the inquiry down it would have been because he believed that Rothermere, and not Baldwin, a Fleet Street magnate, and not the British Government, represented the mind of this nation.

AND who would have been to blame? Well, after all, I suppose it would have been the public who read this anti-British Press, give it its enormous circulation and make the owner their dictator. There is only one remedy, and it rests with the public. When they realise that the Rothermere Press is an anti-patriotic institution, that to support it is to support an anti-patriotic stunt, they will kill this menace stone-dead. The matter is in their hands, and a wave of public indignation will do the business.

"Cruelty is no cure for cruelty, nor violence for violence, nor injustice for wrongdoing."

A Mother's



Rt. Hon. W. C. Bridgeman, Secretary of State for Home Affairs.

A YOUNG married mother, parted from her husband, was led by misunderstanding of a doctor's words to believe that her 18 months baby was incurably crippled by paralysis. Her child, she told a friend, was the only thing she had to live for, and rather than see it suffer the lingering death of hopeless infirmity, she decided they would end their wretchedness together.

What pangs and tears that decision cost, let any mother think. What agony she went through as she carried the little bundle of stricken babyhood from the comfortable house at Hampstead where she had found domestic service, to the dark river at Westminster; the qualms, and fears, and shrinking doubts that must have assailed her as she hugged it, kissed the wondering eyes, looked for the last time on her baby's smile; the desperate frenzy in which she flung her heart's treasure over the parapet as the chimes of Big Ben proclaimed the hour of midnight.

We only know that as the mother climbed the parapet to follow her child, the hands of merciful (?) passers-by pulled her back, and saved her for the further torture of a trial for murder.

Mr. Justice Swift, in summing up the tragic story, was moved to say that all who had heard it must sympathise with the afflicted mother and would allow her to go if they could. Yet the jury were compelled to declare her guilty according to law, the pitying Judge put on the black cap of doom, and for four dreadful days and nights the woman lay in the condemned cell cowering and trembling under the sentence of death!

Why? What has Society gained by adding this unthinkable terror and torment to the suffering of that bereaved and broken woman? The Prison System Inquiry Committee has told us that we are unable to realise "what cruelty is

"Here Lies a Millionaire"

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

THE poor man waiting for a bus glances with envy at the millionaire's motor. But the luxury of a limousine does not mean a freedom from tragedy, and happiness is not measured in wealth. It is found in slums as well as in mansions.

YEARS ago, I remember my father saying to a visitor: "Have you heard the news? Rothschild has bought the *Times*?" The visitor fell a victim to the catch. "What did he give for it?" "Threepence!" said my father. Why did they laugh? I could not understand.

This old jest, which I was too young to appreciate, has long since worn itself out. Twice in recent years the great national newspaper has changed hands. Millionaires are no longer a little band, but an army corps. On reading the other day that a Rothschild had committed suicide no one was amazed, and few perhaps gave it even a thought. We are rushing through existence and the pace makes it difficult to reflect.

But the suicide of a Rothschild (a few years ago it would have been an international "event") is worth thinking about. How many boys are now dreaming of a day when they will be as rich as a Rothschild? How many girls are now reading with bated breath a novel of sentiment in which the heroine is loved by a man as rich as a Rothschild? How many serious and practical men go every morning to the City with the one idea in their minds of money-making? How many miserable women of fashion are now bitterly repeating the absurd cynicism of Becky Sharp that it is easy to be virtuous on £10,000 a year? How many fools are there in the world convinced that money is the key to happiness?

YET here lies the dead and mutilated body of a man who was a Rothschild, scion of a house whose capital is rated at £400,000,000, a man whose command over money was as great as a policeman's over traffic. Here he lies, dead and mutilated, the Law in charge of the poor corpse, a coroner probing into his secrets, a jury from the suburbs inspecting the body. What did they think of it all, those humble jurymen, as they looked down on the body of this millionaire who had found life so unbearable that he had cut himself violently out of the land of the living?

Some of them, perhaps most of them, were men who find life a hardish struggle—rent, rates, taxes, tradesmen's bills, a menace to their incomes—no palaces for them, no motor-cars, no travel to far countries, no luxuries of any kind—every week a tiresome struggle to make income cover expenditure. But they are alive, and the millionaire is dead. They find life worth living, and the battle of life worth fighting. They still wait in the rain for a motor-'bus, while the luxurious automobiles of the dead millionaire pass into other hands.

THOSE jurymen should have a message for mankind. Might they not say to us "You are all on the wrong road. You are following an illusion. You are like a person walking in sleep or like a lunatic obsessed by a mad idea. Wake up. See the truth. Happiness is not to be bought. Money has nothing to do with it. There are men, women and children in the slums ten thousand times happier than was this Rothschild, on whose face of suffering we have looked, and whose locked lips could tell us nothing of peace. And you good people who think you have a cure for human unhappiness, who prescribe education, garden cities, prohibition, higher wages and all the rest of it as a panacea for human ills, take notice of this dead millionaire who, in spite of boundless wealth, an educated mind, grand houses, and a life of virtue, yet found existence a terror, could bear it no longer, and switched out the light of the sun, preferring darkness, silence, perhaps judgment."

John D. Rockefeller, the Oil King, whose millions cannot buy him a digestion to enjoy a simple meal!

These things should not be put aside. They are not rhetoric. They are facts. In every slum you will find heaven next door to hell. In one house wretchedness; in another happiness; the same economic struggle in both houses, but one successful, the other not. And exactly the same thing in Mayfair or Belgravia. Heaven and hell are next door neighbours in every street of London. An ignorant man may be thrice as happy as a scholar; a poor charwoman thrice as happy as an American duchess; a slum child thrice as happy as the child of a multi-millionaire. If garden cities and education are the way to human happiness, explain to us the visible unrest of the rich, the manifest wretchedness of those who have had "every advantage in life," the indisputable suicide of this Rothschild. Explain these things, which stare us in the face, and which make you seem to us rather ridiculous.

I ONCE asked a woman in the slums to tell me what made her so happy. She laughed at the question. She couldn't tell me. Like so many of the poor, she was a fatalist and seemed to think that happiness is just a matter of luck; you are born either happy or unhappy. But I pressed her for a more satisfactory explanation, and at last I got it out of her that happiness comes easiest to those who are always thinking of somebody else. It doesn't matter whether you are rich or poor, educated or ignorant, housed like a prince or styed like a pig, if you haven't got somebody to love and care for, somebody to work for, somebody whose well-being is much more to you than your own, you'll never know what it is to be firm in happiness. "You see, I had a good mother, a dear good mother," she explained. "I was lucky in that, wasn't I?"

I believe this woman had the secret of life. It seems to me that Nature has so fashioned the human heart that it cannot be at peace in its own breast. To get outside ourselves, to be living in the lives of others, to be making our children good and strong, to be helping all the lame dogs we meet over the stiles of our difficult world, this is to enrich our own hearts with a happiness which does not wilt with adversity or pass with time.

POLITICIANS are really like children. The socialist thinks that he has only to convert Whitechapel into Belgravia to increase incomes, only to turn the ignorant man into the scholar, to bring heaven on earth. But life is not so simple as that. It was a teacher of the same race as Nathaniel Rothschild who asked long ago what it should profit a man if he gained the whole world and lost his soul alive. The conditions of life have their value; but it is the condition of a soul that settles this matter of human happiness.

Love is a word not often to be found in the vocabulary of politicians; it is not reckoned a serious word for practical men; but there are plenty of slum mothers to tell statesmen, philosophers and millionaires that without love they are bound to make shipwreck of their lives and fools of themselves.

's Torture

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

involved in putting a woman, often a mere girl, through all the mental agony of living for days under a sentence of death, which is real to *her*, though reprieve is an almost foregone conclusion."

"The kindliest of officials dare not forestall the prerogative of mercy by holding out any assurance," and the victim therefore goes through a torture as devilish and damnable as that of the old-time rack and thumbscrew.

Sir Robert Wallace lately told the annual meeting of the Magistrates' Association that the aim of the Law is no longer to persecute wrongdoers with vindictiveness, but only to deter them from wrongdoing. Even in the case of the death penalty, the idea is not one of vengeance, but of warning and prevention: murder is punished by hanging in the hope that lawless and violent men may be restrained by terror from giving the rein to their passions or cupidity.

But to pass the dread sentence of death when it is clearly and generally understood that it will not be inflicted, is not to strike the potential murderer with fear, but to cheapen and fritter away its awfulness by making its fulfilment casual and uncertain.

Mercy and charity, tempered with discriminating firmness, produce better effects in the government of men than any amount of vindictive anger or ruthless savagery.

In our common daily experience of life, we find the lesson that cruelty is no cure for cruelty, nor violence for violence, nor injustice for wrongdoing. A pat of the hand affects a horse more potently than a cut of the whip. The basest of human creatures responds more manfully to fair dealing than to malignity. Modern British law and justice are based for the most part on a wise recognition of this patent fact that discreet mercy is a more efficacious preventive of crime than revengeful harshness.

Isn't it monstrous that at this stage of human progress, a British Judge should still be compelled to terrify a poor girl with the appalling sentence of death when his own sense of justice would have "allowed her to go if he could"?

All the Energy Romping Kiddies need.

Do you know that a steaming plateful of flavoury Quaker Oats, costing less than one halfpenny, supplies a half-day's energy for the most strenuous boy.

Do you know that Quaker Oats is made from the most nourishing and fully flavoured oats the world produces?

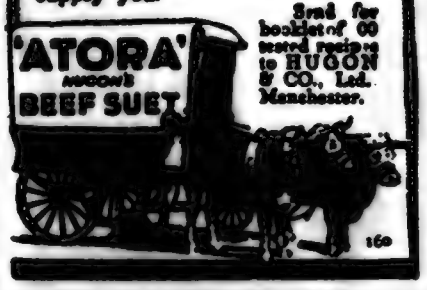
No other oats makes so much or so delicious porridge.

Do you not agree, then, that to pay more than 8½d. for a packet of oats is to waste money?

Quaker Oats

"ATORA" is the good Beef Suet without adulterant or preservative of any kind.

Always use it ready Shredded or in Blocks. Any grocer will supply you.



SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE trouble with this country for very many years has been the fact that several quite charming gentlemen have been allowed to rule it. They have been so busy behaving like gentlemen, according to the conception of that frequently misapplied epithet in England, that they have never had time to behave like statesmen. Perhaps the most admirable example of gentility and the most preposterous specimen of political incapacity is the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith.

To say that he was merely incompetent as Prime Minister is hopelessly to understate the case. Only a dunderhead of the first magnitude could have bungled the Irish question in the first two years of the war as he did. And that is merely one of countless instances where his genteel shilly-shallying resulted in appalling tragedy and disaster unthinkable.

BUT let us first do him justice as a human being. He was born with every gift that makes for social success except quickness of wit. In company he is suave, courteous and ingratiating to a fault. Before you have finished shaking his hand you are forced to admit that he is "a perfect gentleman." Grace of speech, a carefully cultivated and faultless manner, a well-trained smile, and all the other adjuncts of good breeding—these are his to command.

His friends worship him. Even his enemies can bring nothing against him as a man. He is honourably secretive, never tells tales out of school, never bears malice, never speaks nastily about a man behind his back, always maintains a dignified silence when a colleague is being abused in his absence. He is absolutely straight in all his dealings, forgives offences easily, and never hurts another's feelings. Above all, he is unshakably loyal. Terribly damaging things that he could tell about men who have harmed him grievously will go with him, untold, to the grave. . . . Sounds almost inhumanly good, doesn't it? But unfortunately the very virtues I have enumerated are partly responsible for his utter inadequacy as a statesman.

He started his public life by perching himself discreetly on the political fence—and he has valiantly resisted all attempts to pull him off. It would be wrong to say that he has never had the courage of his convictions, because no one has so far discovered whether he has any. There is, at any rate, little doubt that "Margot's man" (as he used to be called) was willing to sacrifice both his country and his countrymen rather than desert a single colleague. He simply couldn't understand that

The Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith

the country actually preferred to be well-governed than to feel that the Asquith cabinet was a happy family party.

IN the same way he was quite ready to lose a dozen wars, if that could avert dissension among the orthodox Liberals. Civilisation might founder on the rocks, but Gladstone's great Party had to be saved at all costs.

In fact his behaviour throughout was very loyal and gentlemanly—not to say old-maidenly—and after eight years of it the country gasped for a Prime Minister who, for a time, was at least fairly efficient.

Ninepence for Ninepence

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

THE bit of ha-ha or trouble which is taking place between the Medical Faculty and the Ministry of Health is really no affair of yours and mine. But in view of the fact that ninety to ninety-five per cent. of our friends the panel doctors are expected to go on strike as and from November 1, the fifteen million insured persons now in their care may well be wondering how they are likely to come on for "advice and medicine" while the disagreement lasts.

Doctors downing stethoscopes and refusing any longer to treat Mum for her rheumatics or Dad for his bronchitis—and that, too, at the beginning of what looks like being a trying sort of winter—don't appeal to me in the light of a particularly pretty picture. On the other hand I think that, even as the labouring man is justified in standing out for proper wages, the professional man may be excused if he stands out for proper fees.

Whether the Ministry of Health and the Approved Societies will ultimately find it desirable to climb down and part up, as it were, remains to be seen. Meanwhile, it is interesting to know that the Minister of Health for his part intends to "sit back and hold tight," and that if the panel system ceases to function owing to the strike, he can authorise "other medical arrangements," including the appointment of medical men as full-time employees of the Ministry.

If this step happens to be taken, we may look forward to hearing silk-hatted practitioners shout "Yah—blackleg!" after each other, or seeing them spend their evenings on peaceful-picketing duty outside the Government surgeries. There may even be whisker-pulling, spectacle and umbrella smashing, etc., between the contending parties. However, there you are.

It seems to me that we might do worse than use the present difference as an opportunity for getting rid of the panel system altogether. It has been more or less of a failure and one might almost say more or less of a scandal from the first. I question if there is a doctor in the kingdom who will admit that he is entirely enamoured of it, and I can't find an insured person who doesn't regard it with distaste and dissatisfaction, not to use harder terms.

As a fact, thousands of working people who pay the insurance tax—and to all intents and purposes "tax" is what it amounts to—never go near the panels in any circumstances. When they fall ill they visit or send for a doctor in whom they "believe" and from whom they can get proper attention and treatment for an ordinary fee. Even among the very poorest the panel gentleman is avoided wherever possible and the ready-money "sixpenny" gentleman employed for preference.

This is not the fault of the panel doctors themselves, but the fault of the system. When a patient imagines that he is regarded as something of a nuisance rather than as a paying customer, and when he knows for a certainty that the panel gentleman is prohibited from ordering him the more expensive medicines, no matter how beneficial they may be, he naturally turns elsewhere for his medical needs.

"Better pay twice over," he argues, "than be made to feel like a pauper and get 'rubbishy medicine' into the bargain." Of course persons who can't afford to turn elsewhere have to remain where they are—and their discontent remains with them.

The best way out of the whole dreary business has been indicated by the doctors themselves. The British Medical Association proposes to set up a "contract medical service" in the industrial centres of the country. Subscribers will receive medical treatment for a small annual payment, and they will be treated in exactly the same way as patients who are non-subscribers.

We have been getting the Ministry of Health's fourpence for ninepence long enough. The British Medical Association's ninepence for ninepence promises much better.

"Peg-Leg" Smith—Super Crook

THE amazing career of a one-legged gentleman-crook is told in this graphic story. Drifting from country to country, defying the law in the most brazen manner, and bringing off stupendous coups, Captain "Peg-Leg" Smith is a character seldom met outside the pages of fiction. He is known to the police of the world—and yet remains free.

THE master criminal, the man of education and intelligence, who robs his victims on a colossal scale, and lives softly in the lap of luxury, has always been a favourite figure with writers of romance.

"Moriarty," with Sherlock Holmes on his track, and "Raffles," the swell burglar, are the familiar type. Most people believe that these are purely imaginary creations, and have no counterparts in real life.

It is a mistaken idea. There are master criminals who rival "Raffles" and "Moriarty." They are moving about among us to-day. Scotland Yard is on their track. But that does not seem to give them any overwhelming sense of anxiety.

Such a man is the consummate rascal who is known as Captain Smith. He has many other names. Sometimes he is Cheinl, sometimes he is Ward, sometimes Johns, and sometimes somebody else. But to his confederates he is "Peg-Leg" Smith, because he has an artificial leg.

One would think that this would be such a handicap as to make his arrest easy. It seems only to add an additional zest to his recreation of escaping from the police of all countries. He has had an amazing career of crime. Three years ago he cut a great dash in St. Louis in the United States. He posed as a rich man and a high financier.

• • •

At St. Louis he established a bank, and for eighteen months he ran this institution with scrupulous correctness. That is the mark of the master crook. He is never in a hurry. He will spend any amount of time to build up confidence. At the end of this period he collected £40,000 of the bank's funds and fled to Europe. There he enjoyed the gay life of Paris, Rome, Brussels and London.

There, also, he made the acquaintance of the leading crooks on this side of the Atlantic. Among them was an old friend of his, the notorious William Warren, or, as he was familiarly known to his confederates and subordinates, "Bludger Bill." Warren had fled from London where he is still wanted for the theft of over £15,000, a haul he made in connection with a card swindle. He had Detective Inspector Leach of Scotland Yard on his track, but he managed to elude him and slip away to France.

He next turned up at Nice, living at one of the princely hotels on the promenade. He was a familiar figure in the gaming rooms of Monte Carlo. He posed as an oil-king, and met Sir Walter Cockerline, the wealthy shipowner of Hull, and an ex-Sheriff of that city.

Warren introduced the intended victim to "Peg-Leg" Smith, who, in turn, introduced him to a man called Watson, described as "the biggest bookmaker in America," whose limit was "the blue sky." But his methods were of the earth, earthy; and the gang succeeded in robbing Sir Walter Cockerline of over £23,000.

"Bludger Bill" Warren and "Peg-Leg" Smith got away, but Warren was subsequently caught by the Paris police. At the time of his arrest he was driving with his wife in a luxurious limousine. Stowed away under the cushions of the seats were bank notes to the value of £20,000. "Bludger Bill" liked to keep his resources in ready money. He went to jail for five years, and all his chief confederates went with him, with one single and conspicuous exception. "Peg-Leg" Smith was too clever for the French police, as he was for the American.

When the pursuit got too hot he chartered an aeroplane in Paris and, at the very moment that Warren was being taken into custody, "Peg-Leg" Smith was flying to Antwerp.

• • •

This dexterous crook is never short of money. He can always get it in one of the capitals of Europe. After some very successful exploits in the West End of London he turned up at Rome and, in a very short time, had established himself as a person of wealth and distinction.

He carried off two coups in Rome which alone brought him in over £10,000. Then he fled. He next cut a dash in Dieppe, but he left that seaside resort in a hurry. The French police were getting inconveniently hot on the trail.

Like "Bludger Bill," "Peg-Leg" Smith believes in living on the expensive scale when he is planning a coup. Like most master criminals he has a retinue of servants and flash women. He has excellent hotel manners, and is an adept in the art of creating confidence. Like Long John Silver, the one-legged and rascally sea-cook of Stevenson's famous story of "Treasure Island," "Peg-Leg" Smith has a trick of making people think that he is one of the best of men. While Long John used to do it by touching his forelock, "Peg-Leg's" predilection is for touching his victims' pockets, their jewellery and their bank balances.

• • •

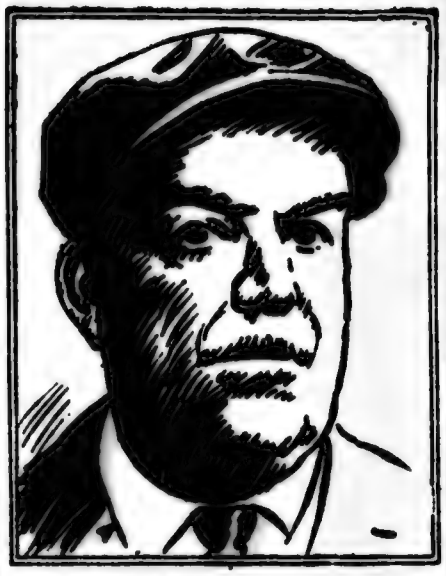
His favourite role is that of an American oil king. The eighteen months during which he ran the bank at St. Louis gave him a thorough knowledge of high finance and, particularly, of the oil market. He knows all about oil propositions, and can discuss them with experts in such a manner as completely to impose upon them.

No one would suspect that this smooth-spoken gentleman, talking so familiarly of life in various capitals, of big financial deals, of great fortunes made out of Wall Street and the Stock Exchange and the Paris Bourse, was a common thief, often with a jemmy and a knuckle-duster in his pocket.

Obviously it required a man of great ability, as well as of low cunning, to impose upon a business man like the wealthy Hull shipowner whom he robbed of so many thousands of pounds.

His career of plundering has been going on all over the world for many years. He is not always the fashionably attired monocled man of means idling about the reception rooms of lordly and palatial hotels, a lounge lizard, as this type is called in America, where he first learned the game of graft.

Often he is disguised as a simple working man, with rough clothes



William Warren.

and a growth of beard, a useful garb for him to spy out the land when he is meditating one of the jewel thefts for which he is famous.

• • •

"Peg-Leg" Smith understands the crime world thoroughly. Nobody knows better than he how to dispose of his big hauls of jewellery. An accomplished cosmopolitan, he has acquaintances in the under-world of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp and Brussels, where dealings in diamonds take place for ready money and on a large scale.

This crippled criminal, this master of the whole gamut of crime, is a brilliant exponent of the confidence trick in which "Bludger Bill," his old comrade, also excelled.

It was during the early days of his association with "Bludger Bill" that he met another member of the gang, "Posh Patsy," or Patsy O'Farrell, the notorious international crook, who now has a gang of his own which specialises in this branch of daylight robbery, and has netted many thousands of pounds in London this year.

Like "Peg-Leg" Smith, "Patsy" is still at large, but we are glad to see that at last some members of his gang have been rounded-up within the past few days by Scotland Yard.

A few months ago we warned the International Police Force that "Peg-Leg" Smith was reported to have been seen in London. He frequented the haunts of London's fast night life, and it ought not to have been impossible to get to close quarters with him.

• • •

Now Scotland Yard has issued a public warning against a one-legged man, who is well-known both in Paris and in Brussels, as well as in this country. He is described by Scotland Yard as an ex-army man, at one time an associate of the famous William Warren ("Bludger Bill") gang of confidence tricksters, and reports as to his recent activities have reached the police from Edinburgh, Glasgow and London.

This man does not go under the name of "Peg-Leg" Smith, or Captain Ward, or Captain Cheinl, or Captain Johns. He is described by Scotland Yard as "Captain Robert Stewart Biggar."

"Peg-Leg" Smith has never had any hesitation in adopting any alias that he thinks would serve his purpose, and it would surprise no one familiar with his record of rascality to find that he had adopted yet another surname.

There have been a number of recent unsolved jewel robberies in this country which bear all the marks of the work of "Peg-Leg" Smith and his confederates, agents and subordinates.

Now that the International Police system has begun its active operations and is holding regular conferences in the various European capitals, the arrest of "Peg-Leg" Smith must not be much longer delayed.

He is a menace to Society. It is a scandal that he is still at large. But it is a condition of his existence that he must be able to travel with freedom between all the big cities of Europe. He never stays long in any one country, but comes and goes to plunder.

• • •

If the main lines of steamers between England and France were systematically watched, as well as the aeroplane services, and the express trains which carry rich people to the South of France and Italy, it should be insuperably difficult for this one-legged rascal, perhaps the greatest crook in existence, to enjoy the elusive obscurity that has hitherto given him such complete immunity and success.

In any case, whether "Peg-Leg" Smith is "Captain Biggar" or not, the world will be a better place when he gets his deserts and is put where he ought long ago to have been—behind prison doors.

How often have you said—

"I wonder what that lovely place is," as the train speeds on its journey.

An Illustrated Booklet descriptive of places to be seen from the railway-carriage window on a 395-mile journey can be obtained free from Dept. A, 26, Pancras Road, N.W.1.

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is always sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

"I AM young—just twenty. Right up till now I have always been ambitious—anxious to make a career for myself. I have ridiculed other girls who have wanted a boy to take them out when they were about sixteen. I think it's just a waste of precious time which will not come again.

Career or Husband?

"I have no wish to become a 'blue-stocking,' but is it unnatural for a girl to desire a successful career?

"My friends think I am silly, particularly when it comes to paying for a theatre ticket. It is not that I dislike the idea of marriage, or dread it either, but with me it takes the second place. Is it a woman's one duty to find a husband and then cease thinking and working out her own pet theories?

"I want to be independent—and then meet my mate on an equal footing. Is it wrong that I should feel so? Humanist, my life—and my carrer—is in your hands. Do please tell me.

"Surely I cannot be the only girl with these views. If you think it may help others, please publish my letter."

"Humanist" says:—*Go on with your career—improving your character, education and position. You will be all the better pleased when Mr. Right comes along. You will bring more to the union—even though at present you have to buy your own theatre tickets.*

"THE uncertainty of life to soldiers during the war was often responsible for many lapses from the paths of virtue. I was only 18 when I took my commission, and during my two hospital sojourns in England, the horror of the filth of the trenches and of a possible violent death sent me into fits of reckless immorality for which I have since been extremely sorry.

Sins of War-time

"In 1917 I began an intimacy with a loose-living girl at the town in which I was spending one of my convalescent periods. I meant to have a really good time while I was able; and, to cut a most miserable story short, I must say that I experienced the lurid side of life in all its sordid details.

"Upon demobilisation, and after leaving the University, I returned home to take over the supervision of my father's estate, where our family moves in leading society circles. I became engaged to a beautiful girl of the next shire and we were to have been married early next year.

"My old flame of Army days has now moved to the market town near our home and is pressing me to resume our old relationship under threat of exposing my doings of soldiering days to the world and to my fiancée.

"My future wife, refined and sensitive, regards me as the acme of chivalry; and my people think me the ideal, clean-living son. With the exception of my war-time failing, my life has always come up to their standards. What can I do to avoid the shattering of their idol, the breaking-off of our engagement and the loss of happiness which threatens to overwhelm me?"

"Humanist" says:—*You are not bound in any way to a loose woman, who practically threatens you with blackmail. Tell her plainly that if she gives you any trouble you will put the matter in the hands of the police. If she refuses, do so. Then consider if it would not be better to tell your fiancée and parents. They may be deeply hurt, but in the alternative may be hurt even more deeply. You have suffered for your folly—do not let it ruin your life.*

"I KNOW that jealousy is a quality which is worthy of the strongest condemnation, but I am sure mine is not without cause. Six months ago I was married, but unfortunately I was one of those doting second-fiddle bridegrooms; for I was accepted after a bitter quarrel and parting of a couple who had been all in all to each other.

A Husband's Doubts

"My wife's one-time lover is now also a close friend of my own, and he has become, with my sanction and approval, of course, a frequent visitor to our home.

"A fortnight ago I was invited by our firm to take up a lucrative post in the tropics, where it is anticipated I shall be away for a stretch of two years. Both my wife and I recognise the great opportunity which the opening offers. But, Humanist, I am afraid to accept.

"My wife, I know, is the essence of faithfulness, but I fear the results of such a long parting and the rebirth of an intimacy which my courtship and marriage ended. My friend and my wife meet to-day on the most cordial of terms, but on the terms, I am sure, of good friends.

"Human nature is weak, and I dread the consequences of temptation acting under such favourable conditions. It must be borne in mind that a very strong and long-lasting attachment existed between the two prior to my appearance. I should feel a cad if I showed to my friend any suspicion of my doubts as to his integrity. I cannot tell him to keep away when I leave England, much as I would like him to do so.

"What should I do? Perhaps it would be better if I refused the opening and by so doing make mys lf sure of future happiness?"

"Humanist" says:—*Which is the greater risk for you, to expose your wife to danger or to lose a friend? Tell him to keep away. If he is a gentleman he will do so. If not, you must tell your wife not to see him. But if she is the essence of faithfulness—is the danger real?*

"I AM in a most unfortunate and tantalising position. My circumstances are such that I am living on the poverty line and yet—I am entitled to a fortune in Chancery! The events that have conduced to make this anomalous state of affairs may be briefly described.

Fortune in Chancery

"Twelve months ago my father and mother died on the same day. I was the only child of the union and they showered on me every blessing available within the bounds of their meagre resources.

"Two months ago it transpired that my father was entitled to a large sum of money. Yet, although I am next of kin, I cannot claim it.

"Why? Because my father and mother were never married. Each was opposed to the matrimonial yoke, and yet no truer, more faithful union ever received the blessing of mother church.

"Now, because I am illegitimate and legally 'nobody's child,' I cannot come into my own. It seems a cruel dispensation that I am deprived of coming into what is my own. Is there no way of obtaining the justice now denied to me?"

"Humanist" says:—*There is no way of avoiding the law. The law is cruel to the illegitimate child—and until it is altered such hardships are inevitable. Put your case before the next of kin—your relatives. If they are good people, like your father and mother, they will realise your moral, as apart from your legal, claim.*

"CAN you help me to solve the following problem? I have passed the autumn of life, as applied to a workman in these days when employers do not like grey hairs, and for health and other reasons may not be able to hold my present situation much longer.

Father and Son Problem

"I have a son in the Army (R.A.S.C.) who likes the life, is in favour with his officers, and likely to win rapid promotion, but he has already hinted that he would be willing to give the Army up and return to civil life, so that his earnings might help us and protect us from want when the time comes that I must give up my work.

"I cannot, however, think it would be right to let him do this—especially as I am sure he would not be so happy in civil employment as he is now. And although it may be true that in old age one has the right to claim some consideration from the children we have reared, I personally think that one should make sacrifices that *they* may prosper—and risk what the future holds for *us*. Am I right, please?"

"Humanist" says:—*Sacrifice is the lot of parents. Try to struggle on, knowing that your boy is doing well. He is a good boy—trust him to do his best for you in the future.*

An Easy Answer.

"My fiancee's mother fell in love with me, got jealous and parted me from my girl. Her father has now insulted me. What can I do?"

Leave these people alone. How could your married life be happy with a fiancee who will not stand up for you, with a mother-in-law who troubles you, and a father-in-law who insults you?

The Cancer Scourge.

"My girl, who supports her young sister, is threatened with cancer. I am willing to marry her: should I?"

Cancer is unusual at her age—in the twenties. Get the best medical advice. If it is true, consider how best you can help her—as husband or as friend. If love can make such a sacrifice, it reflects the highest honour.

Mother and Child.

"My parents reared my little girl, after her father's death at the war. She is now ten. I can keep her. They refuse to give her to me. They call her by their own name."

You can compel them to give up the child—if there is nothing against your character. Tell them that—and they will probably agree. They cannot change her name as you suggest.

A Conditional Husband.

"Only nineteen, and good-looking, I am about to become an unmarried mother. My fiancé will marry me if I consent to get rid of the child to come. What should I do?"

Do not marry the man merely because he is the father of your unborn child, and if he does not love you. Marriage should have love on both sides. I am sorry for your trouble, but it seems to me you will only add to it if you marry a man who wants you to do such a thing.

Unmarried Love.

"Can you tell me why when a man and woman live together faithfully and happily but not legally (needless to say both are free), if it gets known to the folks around, the woman is put down as bad, and scorned and slighted, whilst the man is made much of, pitied and feted, and people try to make mischief between them?"

I cannot tell you why—except that human nature is not a manual of logic. But if both are free—why not avoid trouble by the simple process of marriage? Apart from anything else, I do not believe that the man in these circumstances is feted and the woman despised.

Bachelor or Widower?

"Many years ago I took a woman to live with me as my wife. She died a few years ago. We reared a family who are now grown up and married. Lately I've met a woman whom I should like to marry; she thinks me a widower. If she knew the truth I should probably lose her. Can I go through a church marriage *posing as a widower*, without breaking the law?"

If you falsely describe yourself in marriage documents you commit an offence. Better tell the lady.

Another Man's Wife.

"Can you advise me what to do? I have a married friend whose wife is very unfaithful to him and he does not know of it. She is keeping the company of a married man. I am the only person that knows of it, having caught them in such a position which leaves no doubt. To keep my silence she offered to compromise herself with me, which I most emphatically refused, and have since broken off my acquaintance with my friend. He now wants to know the reason."

You cannot tell what you accidentally learned. If we were all to be tale-bearers, the world would not be worth living in. But you ought to warn the woman and man who are doing wrong. That is a duty of friendship to the husband.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A Brush With Bruce

by HARRISON OWEN

"GUILTY, with extenuating circumstances," was the plea made by Stanley M. Bruce, Prime Minister of Australia, when charged before Mr. Justice Bull and a jury of housewives with conspiring to bring about a rise in the prices of food.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that the charge had been brought in consequence of an attempt made by the accused at the Imperial Conference to convert this country to a policy of Protection, thinly disguised under the *nom-de-stunt* of "Preferential Trade." The object of the conspiracy was to induce the Government to impose duties on certain commodities which were now admitted free, and then to forego a portion of the duty in the case of goods coming from the Dominions, so that the Dominions would be in a favourable position for competing with foreign countries in the British market.

"It has been suggested," continued counsel, "that Australia might be satisfied with preferential treatment in regard to comparatively unimportant commodities, such as dried currants; but the accused, of course, is well aware, and the British Government must also be aware, that any preferential system must, sooner or later, involve the imposition of taxes on food and raw material on a very much larger scale.

"FOR this reason the protectionist conspiracy must be dealt with before it has a chance of spreading. The people of Great Britain might, in the interest of closer Imperial friendship, swallow dearer buns, but they could not swallow dearer bread or meat, for the simple reason that in many instances they would not be able to afford even to buy these things. Protection is doubtless an excellent policy for Australia, which produces far more food than its small population can consume, but as the British farmer can grow sufficient wheat to make only one loaf out of every five consumed in this country, it would be madness to impose a duty on foreign wheat."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER said that, as his client had pleaded guilty, he merely wished to point out that Mr. Bruce was actuated by a genuine desire to strengthen Imperial ties.

In announcing a verdict of "Guilty," the forewoman stated that the jury wished to recommend prisoner to mercy on the ground that he reminded them of a favourite matinée idol and wore his spats like a gentleman.

Mr. Justice Bull said that, as Britain's guest, Mr. Bruce was entitled to every courtesy.

"Bruce," continued the Judge, "is a name famous in Scotland's history, and I think prisoner has revealed his ancestry by the canny nature of his proposals, for what they amount to is that Australia will reduce the duties it has imposed on British manufactures, thus providing Australians with cheaper goods, if we will impose duties on foreign products, which would mean that our own people would be afflicted with dearer goods. I can only tell Mr. Bruce that although we may not be able to save the cricket ashes from falling into Australian hands, we will put up a tough fight when it is a question of saving our bacon."

The prisoner was then discharged on entering into a bond to be of good behaviour during the remainder of his stay in England.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"ROCKET":—Dan's eyes sparkled; he stepped forward suddenly OUT OF HIS POCKET."

"NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS":—"By holding the Treasury Note in the bottom left-hand corner lengthwise it will be observed that the woman's HEAD IS RESTING ON HER LEFT CHEEK."

"SPORTS BUDGET":—"Close behind him stood the pretty girl, a HALF-EAGER, HALF-ANXIOUS and HALF-PUZZLED look in her brown eyes."

"COUNTY EXPRESS" (advert.):—"Blankets (all WOOD) 18/11, 22/6, 25/- per pair."

"ANSWERS LIBRARY": — "Five minutes later she gave her very modern self a long, lingering glance in the FULL-LENGTH MIRROR OF HER DRESSING GOWN, readjusted her fur, and was ready for the street."

"WIGAN OBSERVER":—"He saw two dogs RUSH ACROSS THE ROAD, the first being a white one and the second a black one, WITH NO LEGS."

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY": — "John Storm had been through his first MORNING CALL that AFTERNOON."

"DAILY DISPATCH" (serial): — "Presently they got into the holiday crowd that was surging towards the Bull Ring, and the HOUSES, nothing loth, FELL INTO A WALKING PACE."

"EVENING NEWS":—"'No drink for CHILDREN under NINETY' was the declaration of Mr. Leif Jones in his presidential address in Manchester."

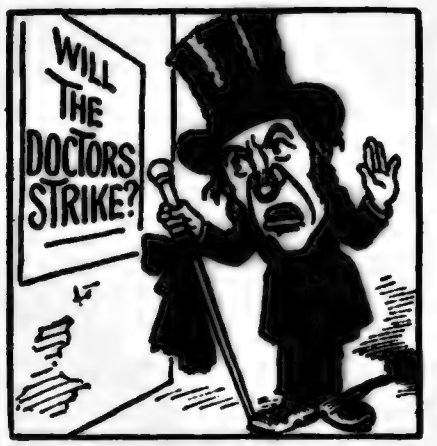
"DAILY MAIL":—"By adding about twenty parts of it to every billion parts of water, TWICE A YEAR FOR TWO WEEKS, it is hoped to give the human system the material it needs."

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

A brilliant show they've made, we know,
But those who're good at guessing
Are all inclined to think we'll find
It's only "window-dressing."



All undertakers' men alike
With fear are fairly quaking,
For if the panel doctors strike
There'll be no undertaking.

Now Baldwin tries to light the squib
As Chamberlain (called Joe) did;
You'd think he'd know that long ago
The thing had been exploded.

So Charlie's done with "slap-stick" fun,
'Twas just a youthful bobby—
No more he'll shy the custard pie
Or biff the bluthesome bobby.

Hurry! Hurry!

The final rush for Tickets has begun.

£1,000 for 1/-

Get your tickets NOW while there is yet time before the closing of

St. Paul's Hospital COMPETITION

In this, the most popular Compe ition of to-day, there are 95 prizes to be won. The Competition is simple and within the scope of all.

TICKETS, 1/- each.

Book of Ten to sell to your Friends and *ONE FREE TICKET.* 10/-

PRIZES.

Prize money deposited with the Bankers of the Fund.

1st	-	£1,000
2nd	-	£500
3rd	-	£250
4th	-	£100
5th	-	£50
30	of	£10
60	of	£5

DON'T DELAY in securing your tickets. It will soon be too late, and this favourable opportunity to give support to WAR ON DISEASE will be gone.

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Yours for 1/9 a week.

MODEL "A."

PRICES FROM **£3** CASH.

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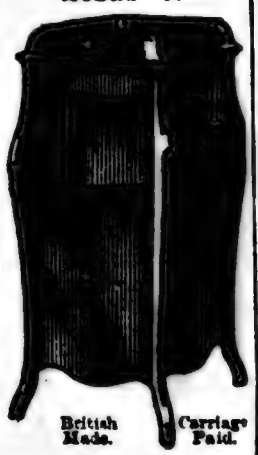

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168, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2

EPINARD, or something out of the ruck? That is the question. To get Epinard in perspective, you have to take this horse and compare it individually with each of the other candidates; and the first contrast that strikes one is that of Pharos. Is Epinard a 9 lb. better horse than Lord Derby's Derby failure? I should rather think he was. But is he 11 lb. better than Pondoland?

Pondoland and Dumas.

I should take leave to doubt that. More interesting, is he 3 stone the superior of Dumas? I will deal with Dumas in a few words. I do not like light-weights in this race, and I certainly do not like horses whose time has been bad; but, in the case of Dumas, we have Richards riding, and as to the times of his various races, we have to remember that when a horse wins very easily the times have invariably been bad. It would be flying in the face of ascertained knowledge to ignore Dumas. But I hardly think he is class enough, and I must take

PONDOLAND

to represent me. I think the remaining places will be filled by Dumas and Epinard.

Down and Up Again!

I must confess that I am a little sick when I see a horse down the course one day and winning a good race another, without any questions being asked, and without the handicapper, whose duty it is to demand some explanation, bringing the owner and trainer before the stewards. In the case I have in mind, the owner would himself be well advised to ask the stewards to enquire into the running of his horse, and thus put a stop to all the unpleasant things that are being said about him.

Too Old.

May I say, in all kindness, that there are at least three jockeys riding to-day who ought to give up the game. They are well-known men with excellent and honourable records, but they are past their best. The wise jockey saves a bit and takes up training as a profession. Go ye, my lads, and do likewise.

Precious Non-Runner.

I have had quite a number of indignant letters from readers who were put off Precious by the emphatic statements published in various sporting papers that the horse would not run. In justice to my brother scribes I will point out that they depend entirely upon the information they receive from authoritative persons; and if you see a statement to the effect that a horse isn't running, and it does run, the best thing you can do is to write to the owner. After all, it's no crime for an owner to change his mind, though it can be very inconvenient.

Mass Profits.

In answer to another enquirer, JOHN BULL mass selections up-to-date show a profit of nearly 200 points.

* * *

One of the most respected members of the Jockey Club writes to point out that I am in error in thinking that the prohibition of the owner-tipster does not apply to the proprietors of newspapers, and that the rule is not arbitrary. From what I have learned recently, it would seem that the Jockey Club have been patient and long-suffering in this matter, and that the new rule did not come any too soon. By the way, who is the Yorkshire trainer who has made a fortune out of tipping his horses when they were on the job to a select list of clients?

Cash Wanted.

"If you can send me three certain winners before the end of the season. I will make it worth your while," writes a naive correspondent. Dear lad, I could make it worth my own while, couldn't I? I would gladly give a thousand pounds for three certain winners—which does not mean, I hasten to add, that I want readers of JOHN BULL to send me postcards with their sure and certain snips.

Sports and by ROWLEY

NEWMARKET NOTES.

New Nursery Stakes.

Merriment has come on a good deal lately and will beat more than beat him. Kitten on the Keys is very well, and the best has not yet been seen of Rossmore. Polin and China Orange have got chances on their best performances. I think Gilpin will saddle the winner in Royal Crescent or Whispering Smith. Both are very useful. The latter has made a lot of improvement lately.

Houghton Handicap.

There is a race to be run with Phusla, and, whatever his fate here, he should be followed. Nymphida and Soldier Song are both well, but are handicapped up to their best form. Moro will want beating, as also will Synorix, ridden by R. Jones. I fancy the winner will come from the bottom of the handicap, and that it will be found in Maple Sugar, ridden by Chubb Leach, claiming the apprentice allowance. In his absence, I take No Points as the next best.

Ditch Mile Welter Handicap.

The best of our top weights is Valiant, whose Irish form bears inspection, and who, since being at Newmarket, has impressed by his style in gallops with Golden Boss and other useful animals. I have a strong liking for Porus, and whatever beats him should win. He went a fast mile gallop recently with Eastern Monarch and Melibeus, moving splendidly. Virgin Gold may go close. Our two best, however, are certainly Valiant and Porus, with a slight preference for the latter, knowing him to be trained for this race.

Richmond Nursery.

If kept for this race, Live Wire will be dangerous to the best. Whichever Gilpin sends will be a well-fancied candidate. Paddy cannot be ignored; moreover, he likes the soft going. If Sunny Joe is seen out here one need look no further for the winner. In his absence, L'Aiglon should win.

Queensberry Handicap.

Darling has a couple of useful animals in Phusla and Far Day. The latter has shown some good form in Ireland, and has been galloped with Golden Boss. Red Crest put up a good show when, running second to Precious recently, and there is little between her and Witty.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

NEWMARKET (Wednesday).
1.30 Tarpon (Bonne Race).
2.0 Ballest (Glitter Gold).
3.25 CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES—Pondoland (Dumas, Epinard).

NEWMARKET (Thursday).
1.30 Perhaps So (Dusky Belle).
3.30 Free From Pride (Porus).

NEWMARKET (Friday).
1.15 Red Crest (Polydipsia).
2.45 FREE HANDICAP—Purple Shade (S. B. Joel's sel.).

WORCESTER (Thursday).
3.0 Sunny Rose (The Moy).

WORCESTER (Friday).
2.0 Buenasuerte (Simnel).
3.0 Squarson (Fiver).

ALEXANDRA PARK (Saturday).
2.30 Samba (Scandalous).
3.0 Stone Marten (Cockpit).
3.30 Dinkie (Palomides).

Neither, however, has any chance of beating Ruysdael, now at the top of his form, with R. Jones riding.

* * *

Stavropol is moving splendidly just now, and will probably win one of the back-end handicaps.

London Autumn Cup.

If seen out here, Pondoland will not disgrace himself. For some time he has been going better than Evander and Holy Friar, and will probably take his chance in the Cambridgeshire, which will be a guide. Lauzun is fancied to win again. Melibeus is well and should make a good show. Advantage is expected to take a lot of beating. I take Vindictive as our best, and believe he will go very close indeed for this.

* * *

Christmas Tree, a two-year-old trained by A. Sadler, has no recent form, but has made good progress lately and should not be overlooked for a selling nursery.

Woodland Nursery, A.P.

Lambton's selected will probably be Navy Cut. This is a nice colt who has come on a lot lately; he is expected to stay every inch of the course. Weston rides. His performance at Pontefract when second to Amethystine speaks for itself, and I plump for him to win.

* * *

It is certain that Calandria c. will leave all his previous form behind when next seen out. Do not miss him.

* * *

Lillypond had the best of Ironbridge, Irish Ditch and Sunny Ducrow in a fast seven furlongs gallop recently, and should not be overlooked whenever she runs.

* * *

Monossa c. was unlucky to be beaten at Newmarket. He moved in good style in a recent gallop with Shri, and will certainly pay to follow.

* * *

Falsette, who accompanied the Cesarewitch winner from France, remains in Darling's stable. He will probably be entered for a selling race soon, and should not be forgotten.

* * *

The best two-year-old Dundas trains is Scotch Hands. He was no good on the hard ground, but will pay to follow now the going is softer.

* * *

Harpenden is not doing a Cambridgeshire preparation, but there is a good race in him, and I can fancy him a lot for the November Handicap.

The Cambridgeshire.

I have never seen Town Guard look or move better. If Gilpin fancies him, he will go very near to winning. If not, I like best Dumas and Epinard.

ROWLEY MILESTONES

Vilna broke down in the Cesarewitch, and has been relegated to the stud.

* * *

The new stands at Lingfield will not be ready for occupation this year. A clause in the contract stipulates that they shall be completed by February 1st.

* * *

Judging by the way in which he sprinted away from the gate at Newbury, Lighthouse should not be beaten in any of his engagements from lack of speed.

* * *

"Freddy" Lane boasts an accomplishment rare among jockeys of the present day—that of "vaulting" into the saddle. The achievement of this feat takes by complete surprise the animal who is "difficult to mount."

Sportsmen MILE

HORSES TO NOTE

Anitra's Dance (3 yrs.).—Probably tied down by waiting orders, this filly's jockey made a very late appearance on the scene at Lingfield Park. If handicapped on this form she will probably win another race before the season ends.

Blue Lake (2 yrs.).—As frequently happens with two-year-olds, this filly ran somewhat "green" on her first appearance in public. She may do better next time out.

Alderney (6 yrs.).—This horse is being rattled along at Stockbridge as if business were meant in the near future. A note may profitably be made of the fact that he has shown some of his best form at Liverpool.

No Points (3 years.).—Although in nothing like the first class, this colt will be found capable of holding his own in moderate company, and he is a likely winner in the near future.

Gay Canopy (3 yrs.).—This colt, who has been indulged with a nice rest, is moving in his old form again, and he will probably pick up a race before the season ends.

The Ball Game

THERE has not been much so-called "form" this season, and what there has may be upset now that the heavy grounds are coming along. The heavier teams who have been outpaced on the fast grounds will come into their own, and Liverpool will, I am sure, be heard more about. They have a severe task this week-end in meeting the clever Huddersfield team at Anfield, but they are capable of surmounting it, and I shall take them to win. Other probable home winners are: Aston Villa, Blackburn Rovers, Cardiff City, Manchester City, Sheffield United, Sunderland, and West Ham. Middlesbrough at their best are a better side than the Arsenal, and might win even at Highbury. Chelsea *v.* Bolton and Forest *v.* The Spurs look probable draws.

Will Shields Last?

South Shields have done extremely well in the Second Division, but I doubt if they will last. Their defenders are comparatively inexperienced, but they have undoubted ability and enthusiasm and will always be hard to beat. Shields go to Oldham this week-end, and as the Athletic are no world-beaters, I think the Shields team may surprise them. Coventry also can win at Nelson. Home teams with the best prospects of victory are: Barnsley, Blackpool, Bury, Clapton Orient, Leicester, Southampton, and Leeds. There will probably be drawn games at the Crystal Palace and Stoke.

Hard for Celtic.

The great match in the Scottish League will be between the Celtic and the Airdrieonians. Both have been playing excellent football and it should be a rare tussle. Only ground advantage leads me to vote for a Celtic triumph. Falkirk, Kilmarnock and Motherwell look good for home victories, and the Rangers, Queen's Park and Raith Rovers are all capable of winning their away matches. I shall look for draws in the Hibs *v.* Hamilton, Morton *v.* Dundee, and Third Lanark *v.* Ayr matches.

Is this So?

I stated last week that it was surprising to see so many players ordered off the field when suspension means the loss of wages. I am now told that a player made compulsorily idle is often looked after by the others of his club, who make a weekly whip-round. If this is so, then the punishment is evaded; in fact the "criminal" is really better off than ever since he is getting something for nothing.

Not His Fault.

The comparative ineptitude of Newcastle is not the fault of Hampson, their veteran back. It is a sound contention that a full-back ought to have a longer football life than a forward or half-back, but not many last like Hampson. He is 41, and probably the oldest regular first-class player, yet he keeps his place and his pace as well. It does not say much for Newcastle's research department, when Hampson has to go on playing and Wilfrid Low has had to be resurrected for the centre-half position.

What We Said.

The English team which was picked to meet Ireland I did not like, and I said so. In the circumstances readers were probably not surprised at the result, which in itself was a condemnation of present-day Soccer. What England needs is a line of half-backs who can construct, and the sooner a search is made for them the sooner England will have an efficient eleven.

Not a Wise Deal.

Sheffield Wednesday exchanged a goal-scorer for a pattern-weaver when they let Smailes go to Bristol City and took Walker from the Western club. Smailes, when at Newcastle, was a brilliant forward, and if only he can get back some of that form, he and Nesbitt should get into the limelight as a fine right wing. Walker may fit in with the Wednesday style better with Wilson behind him, but he is not a great marksman. Which is a pity, for he can play football.

FORECASTS FOR NOV. 10.

ENGLISH LEAGUE.—Division I.
Home Winners.
*Bolton, Everton, Huddersfield, *Middlesbrough, Newcastle, Preston, *Spurs.
Away Winners.
*West Ham, *Aston Villa.
Draws.
*Burnley *v.* Blackburn Rovers, Albion *v.* Cardiff City.

ENGLISH LEAGUE.—Division II.
Home Winners.
*Coventry, Derby County, Fulham, *Hull City, Manchester United, *South Shields.
Away Winners.
*Clapton Orient, Bury.
Draws.
*Bradford City *v.* Leeds, Bristol City *v.* Blackpool, *Wednesday *v.* Barnsley.

THIRD DIVISION—NORTHERN.
Home Winners.
*Accrington, Chesterfield, Darlington, *Durham, Lincoln, *New Brighton, Rochdale, Wrexham.
Away Winners.
*Wolves.
Draws.
*Barrow *v.* Rotherham, Halifax *v.* Ashington.

THIRD DIVISION—SOUTHERN.
Home Winners.
Boscombe, *Millwall, Northampton, *Norwich, *Rangers, *Swansea, Swindon.
Away Winners.
Brighton, *Portsmouth, Bristol Rovers.
Draws.
*Watford *v.* Luton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
Home Winners.
Airdrieonians, *Dundee, Queen's Park, *Raith Rovers, *Rangers.
Away Winners.
Partick Thistle, *Celtic, Hearts.
Draws.
Ayr United *v.* Hibs., Clyde *v.* Morton.
For coupon purposes the nap selections are marked with an asterisk.

WEIGHT AND SKILL.

FRANK BARSON, just after the war, was the most talked-of player in the country. One reason was his skill, and the other his differences with the Aston Villa directors.

The second reason led to a mutual separation, and Barson went to Manchester United. So as Second Division clubs do not get the same amount of publicity as the senior lot, Barson's name is now only infrequently mentioned.

All the same, he is still the best centre-half we have had since Joe McCall was at his zenith. The Birmingham people were properly cross when he left, since they know the real stuff down that way. Barson is a native of Sheffield, and developed in that great training-ground—Barnsley. Perhaps there is still the stamp of the vigorous Barnsley style about him. He does, as a matter of fact, use his weight and apply it fully in a tackle, but physique did not carry him to the top of the professional ladder.

His ball-control has always been good, and for a big man he is remarkably quick-footed. Neither is he a mere spoiler; he can construct, push the ball through with either foot or lob it out to his wingers. He would be on my side for England in preference to some who find more favour with the selectors.

Active Scouts.

I hear from the Black Country that scouts have recently shown a lot of curiosity in the Walsall district. The Walsall club is credited with having a pretty hot defence, and more than one of the big clubs seem to have heard of the backs Webster and Timmins. Well, I don't know if Walsall want the money, but a few of the leading teams could do with a new back. Groves, the Walsall centre-forward is also said to be worthy of operating in a higher sphere of football.

Sunderland Moving.

Sunderland are moving up the table because Parker, their centre-half, has found his form again. He looked like losing his place for good when Gilhooley was signed, but he will keep it if he goes on playing as he is just now. Parker is no stylist, but is a determined tackler, and he knows how to take up position. Sunderland's defence has been much steadier since he returned, and as the attack can look after itself, Sunderland should go on collecting points.

Good for Norwich.

Norwich are not doing badly, and the reason of it is that Williamson is keeping a fine goal for them. Williamson had a bad patch with the Arsenal, and he was wise to make a change. He has got all his old confidence back, and that is everything to a goal-keeper. He was once in the running for an international cap, and while he will miss this now, there is a lot of football in him yet.

Well Intentioned.

It is not too late in the day to refer to the censure passed on Sir Henry Norris, which may lead to his withdrawal from football altogether. I know the inner history of the whole business, and the only indiscretion Sir Henry made was to go out of his way to do both the Arsenal club and the player concerned a bit of good. Still, he can take into retirement the consolation that, but for him, there would probably have been no Fulham and the Arsenal might have disappeared altogether.

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Prospective clients unable to give usual references may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with us. When sending money on account, please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT." Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened.
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Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. Simply massage it in gently with the finger-tips. You will be delighted to see how quickly it brings relief.

Use Musterole for sore throat, congestion, chilblains, pleurisy, rheumatism and lumbago. (It often prevents pneumonia.)

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STOPS COUGHS ENDS BAD COLDS

Grandma's Remedy For 50 Years And Still The Best.

Fifty years ago Grandma used this splendid preparation, and to-day, as yesterday, it is relieving the sufferings of thousands of little ones as well as grown-ups. Time has proved that there is no more efficacious remedy for coughs, colds, catarrh, hay fever and bronchial troubles.

When you take Parmint (Double Strength) a special ingredient that it contains causes it to cling to your throat when you swallow, and there it spreads itself in a soothing, healing film over the sore, inflamed membranes, and brings instant relief. The phlegm loosens, and the dry, irritated throat is soothed and relieved by a single dose. Try it. Ask your chemist for Parmint (Double Strength), as this is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case.

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Asthma is a far less prevalent complaint than it was before Dr. Hair originated and introduced his famous "Liquid Cure." With it he first of all cured his own Asthma. Since that time thousands of other sufferers have also freed themselves from the same complaint.

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Our Letter Parliament

Will Britain go Dry?

Our Readers Air Their Views on This and Other Subjects

God's Own Country—Soon!

It seems to be entirely overlooked in the prohibition controversy that America is carrying out one of the greatest social experiments in history, and we ought to help in her efforts to cleanse her country. There can be no doubt that with drink removed, evil and misery will vanish also. America, because of prohibition, will be the greatest country in the world one hundred years from now.—*Hilda Young, Sheffield.*

Wasted Money.

Although not altogether a teetotal crank, I cannot agree with your correspondent on prohibition in Scotland. Among the working-class people in all our towns and villages there is far too much money spent on drink, and as for prohibition increasing crime, that statement fairly beats me. Taking statistics of any of our police courts at random, quite fifty per cent. of the cases give drink as an excuse for deviating from the strict path of rectitude.—"*Faith Cure*," *Scotland.*

Paying for Pussyfoot.

Many say that taxation will not increase though this country goes dry, but the pussyfoots are making the increase in this town already. The town council held a meeting to fix the date of the Local Veto Election, and by two of a majority decided to hold the election on a separate day from the Town Council Election, thus casting on the ratepayers a few more bills to pay. Nothing prevented both Local Veto and Town Council Elections being held on same date.—*By Dand, Fraserburgh.*

What Follows Prohibition?

There is a move on to make this old country "Dry," but we ought to be warned in time by what is happening in the Benighted States to-day—following prohibition. There is a campaign on there to stop cigarettes, and some magazine is cutting out all cigarette advertisements and references to smoking in the stories! Could anything be more ridiculous? Keep our country free from this kind of thing, or we shall soon become slaves in the real meaning of the word.—*T. R. P., Newcastle.*

Scotland Unchanged.

Three years ago the result of the temperance poll in this area was a clean wash-out for Pussyfoot, yet, undismayed, he has obtained the necessary number of signatures to have a poll this year. In view of the decisive defeat in 1920, and the fact that conditions have not changed in the interval, is it unreasonable to demand that Pussyfoot should pay the costs of the poll this year? If the no-licence crank had to dip into his pocket, he would soon cease his silly game. At present, he is inflicting an unnecessary burden on the long-suffering taxpayer.—*James Gray, Mount Road, Montrose, N.B.*

Passport Tyranny.

May I, a Frenchman travelling regularly between London and Paris, congratulate you on your fight against the passport tyranny? Our Government have found from experience that passports are useless for keeping out criminals or spies, because this type can always get the passports required. For two years France has been pressing England to abolish the passport system and return to pre-war freedom. Apparently this is one of the freedoms that the war for freedom was not fought for!—*L. P., West Norwood.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Little Cuddling Arms.

Babies do bring happiness! As a mother of seven children I can say that every little stranger that arrives seems to bring a fresh supply of happiness, although it is often a struggle to feed and clothe them all. But it is well worth the worry to feel their little arms round mother's neck, and to watch their pretty little ways as they grow up. This should be enough happiness for any mother and, I might add, for father as well.—*A Happy Mother, Tilehurst.*

Birth Control Danger.

E.C.D., Leeds, has a lot of nasty things to say about birth control. The bishop's qualification of women who are supposed to be "good time girls" as "amateur harlots" is revolting to any fair-minded man. There is no woman worth the name who would become a harlot as a result of acquiring knowledge of birth control. She would have been a harlot without it.—*Revolted, London, S.W.*

Tell Your Daughters.

As the bearing and rearing of children is the greatest and noblest work which falls to woman's lot, is it not remarkable that girls on leaving school are mostly uninformed on this subject? The invariable result is that when they enter workshop or factory their minds are polluted by the foul talk sometimes heard in connection with this matter. Is it not better for girls to be taught to regard motherhood as a holy and wonderful work of God instead of a subject to be spoken of in a coarse and suggestive manner?—*Mrs. Norah Walmsley, Crocus Street, Kirkdale.*

Is Sex Disappearing?

Here is a question suggested by the fact of a decreasing birth-rate, and by the statement of a scientist that soon children will be born in the laboratory. Nature will undoubtedly meet any emergency that is likely to arise. Birds are provided with wings, fishes with fins, men with hands, and so forth, and these have evidently been gradually developed. But if women refuse to have children, naturally the organs of conception will become decadent and finally disappear. Is the recent statement of the scientist prophetic of that time when the human race will be sexless?—*J. B., London.*

Songs of Long Ago.

Is the public taste becoming hopelessly degraded in regard to our songs and music? To-day the promoter of a classical concert is grateful if the venture merely pays for itself. Put on a programme of meaningless vocal fox-trots, however, with their sloppy sentiment and unbeautiful music, and the public patronage is amazing. Are we incapable of realising the beauty of the old ballads or modern lyrics?—*S. Oldham.*

That Sheik Stuff.

In these days when there is so much scandal over the association of Arab seamen with white women, it is a sad commentary on the licence given our novelists and film-writers when they are allowed to write stories and films around an Arab hero and a white heroine, in such a wholesale fashion as at present exists. These "Sheik" tales, around which are woven a false halo of romance, and a shady Eastern glamour, cannot fail to cast an evil spell and influence over many impressionable girls.—*G. G., Burnley.*

Do Women Count?

It is not only in talking of food taxes that politicians behave as though women did not count. In their plans for dealing with unemployment they speak as though it were merely a man's question. Are there no women unemployed? Only too many, and some of them are as much breadwinners for families as any man can be. But perhaps I ought not to blame men politicians for overlooking us. The fault lies with the women voters who seem content to be overlooked by the politicians.—*Miss M. A., Maida Vale.*

Church and Politics.

After careful consideration it seems to me that the forthcoming scientific enquiry and conference of the Christian churches is an excellent thing, as it will strengthen the bond of union between the various branches of the Church. A man's religion is not worth much if it does not influence his political and social outlook. It is quite impossible to treat religion as a thing apart from everyday experience, and the endeavour to take an active interest in the problems of humanit should be welcomed as an important event in Church history.—*H. W. Buckle, Moreton Road, Croydon.*

Safety First.

The epic of heroism which has centred itself around the Redding Pit during the past weeks ought to impress on our Board of Trade the fact that human endeavour, left to itself, is of little use in fighting the forces of Nature. The attempts to reach the entombed victims were hindered by the breakdown of the pumping mechanism, and by boring apparatus which needed improvement. Miners ought to have the assurance that at a time of disaster the best mechanical resources of the nation will be concentrated on attempts to effect their rescue.—*Pit Manager, Wigan.*

Business Godfathers.

Orphan institutions do great service to the State, but once their guiding hand is removed their youths enter the world and swell the hordes of unemployed. The experiment being tried by one provincial orphanage is worth consideration, if not adoption. Business men are approached by the committee with a view to each taking under his care, and training in his workshop, a boy ready to leave the home. The valuable work is therefore continued and the unemployment problem mitigated.—*Fred Helmsley, Oswestry.*

On Other Pages

MOTORISTS and intending car-buyers all have their eyes on Olympia. The Motor Show, which opens on Friday, is dealt with by Motomac on page 27.

* * *

OUR Advertisement Competition has caught on, judging from the thousands of postcards received. The prizewinners in our first competition are: 1st Prize, £5: Mr. H. Jennings, 41, Bilton Grove Avenue, Harrogate; 2nd Prize, £1: Mr. T. Laird, 3A, Buccleuch Terrace, Wishaw, N.B.; To fifty other competitors consolation prizes have been forwarded.

* * *

ANOTHER competition is announced in page 4.

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If after examining the excellent material, workmanship and finish of this wonderful £2 Barry Suit you are not of the opinion that it is the greatest bargain you have ever seen, we will refund not only the £2 paid **but 2/6 over and above that sum** to compensate you for your trouble. Do not confuse this £2 Pure Wool Tweed Suit with the cheap sale goods so extensively being boomed in the London Press. It is something entirely different.

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Possibly you do not need a suit at the moment. No matter! Send for our patterns and booklet just the same, and you will then know where to go when you are in need of new clothes. As we have said, once you have seen our patterns and read the striking testimony of our gratified clients, the question of your next tailor is never in doubt.

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Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

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Examine closely these two models and compare their **workmanship** and **weight of materials used**—the result will be you will always order Lamps from the

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AT **20/-** Carr. Paid in BRITISH ISLES.

That's what has been said of the Great SARTOR OFFER.—A Sartor Raincoat, perfectly tailored by experts from a fully proofed GABARDINE, with warm, cosy check lining (suitable for all weathers) at 20/-. Each garment is guaranteed to please or MONEY REFUNDED IN FULL.

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SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. J.), 52, Oxford Rd., Manchester

Play Billiards in your own home.

14/- DOWN

A Special Offer for 14/- will bring carriage paid to any address within 5 miles of a railway station in the United Kingdom, the 6 ft. 4 in. size "CONSORT" BILLIARD TABLE (Chess Price, £12 12s.) to fit on ordinary dining tables. The balance may pay monthly. There are various sizes to fit all dining tables—see price list.

Seven Days' Free Trial Given.

Write for Free Price List.

Riley's "COSSERINE" BILLIARD and DINING TABLES from £22 10s., or in 12 or 24 monthly payments. Riley's are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Write for particulars. Estimates given free for all repairs and accessories.

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London Showrooms (Dept. 2), 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

Motoring for the Million

by MOTOMAC.

THE Show is the event of the week. Organised as a Trade Exhibition, it has grown to something in the nature of a Festival. From far and near they come, those who have cars, and those who are only hoping.

To have aroused such enthusiasm says much for the Motor Trade, and not a little for our National instinct for anything mechanical. This year it must be more than a show, it must be a successful market. The welfare of thousands of our workers is dependent upon the will of the purchaser.

It is a free world, and if you see anything better than British for your own particular purpose—well it is your money! I am expected to advise. Were I buying a new car now, it would be one of British make.

I believe too that it is the right time to buy. Margins have been cut to the bone to keep machinery running. Prices are rock bottom. Any sign of an industrial revival will mean advances. Without being in the know, I think it is a fair guess to say that some of the existing quotations are only temporary, and likely to be withdrawn when sufficient orders are in hand.

ADVICE on what to buy. Some job. It would be horribly unfair to make comparisons where all are excellent. It is purely a question of price and purpose.

In our recent issues we have been dealing with small cars, to encourage and induce the multitude to take up motoring. When you go to the show take your catalogue and see everything that comes within the limit of your purchasing power. The Jowett and the Rover air-cooled can both be seen with four-seater bodies. The latter at £145 should be a business getter, as the two-seater Rover eight has many admirers.

Over £200, but still in the cheap category, you will find all the old friends, and every one of them in better form than ever. The Singer, the Swift, Humber eight, Talbot, Calcott, Wolseley, Morris. It is impossible to mention all, the only restriction I can make is that I will speak of nothing that I would not myself possess.

It was reliability that brought the "Alvis" in first the other week, and it was the first British car to win that event. We used to rely on the Continent for speed stunts. It is no longer necessary to buy your sports car abroad. Aston Martin's made a good show, and the sports A.C. is not to be despised.

THE family man will also have choice in abundance at varying prices to meet his purse. Twelve and fourteen h.p. models recently introduced can now be judged on their road performances. Crossley, Vauxhall, Wolseley, Humber's Sunbeam, Siddeley, Austin; what's in a name?

More than you think when you come to sell them second hand. That's an important point with the would-be purchaser. It enables him to estimate his depreciation, which always is lower with popular make.

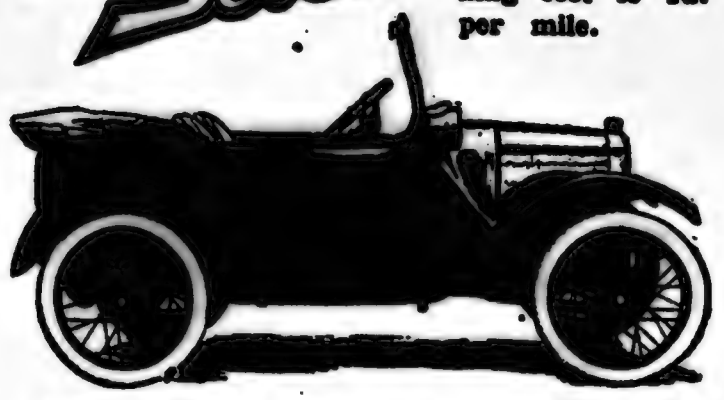
Again speaking generally, if everything else be equal, choose four-wheel braking. Discussion on the principle will be rife, many for and many against, but I think the four-wheel principle will ultimately dominate, and that will be a factor in a year or two when you come to sell.

For fuller particulars about cars mentioned here send coupon on page 8.

Car or Combination?

The Austin Seven

gives car comfort and protection at the price of a combination. Running cost is 1d. per mile.



Seats two adults with children, has electric lighting and horn, and complete all-weather equipment, spare wheel and tyre. The 4-cylinder engine is water-cooled, three speeds are provided and brakes on all wheels. Chassis lubrication is by grease gun.

See the car on Stand 138, Olympia, November 2-10. Write for booklet 306F.

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ALL MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY CAN HELP. We offer you the opportunity to commence a new and fascinating business in your own home, manufacturing an article in constant and increasing demand—an article that is a necessity of modern life.

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Write us, without any obligation on your part, enclosing 1½d. stamp to cover postage, and full particulars of our offer, together with UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY FROM PRESENT LICENSEES, will be sent you, under plain wrapper, per return of post. Please give your name and address very clearly. Address your application to:

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John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

A. S (Balham).—"The Nation's destiny lies within the walls of Parliament." And if four walls told!

L. M. T. (Northampton).—"What are the Government big bugs doing?" Fleaing from the wrath to come probably.

T. A. (Bellshill).—"As is the case elsewhere there are good and bad spiritualists." And quite a lot of mediums.

SMALL OWNER (Monmouth).—"New houses are quite impossible." To our mind, they're almost unfindable.

B. M. (Moseley).—"What will happen to the Country in the long run?" Let's hope the Country will have a walk over.

W. A. (Brixton).—"We hear a lot about the unemployed." And, more the pity, see a lot of them about, too.

B. F. (Worcestershire).—"I am a married woman teacher." So are most married women.

W. A. H. (Shepherd's Bush).—"The L. C. C. have just discussed the regulations regarding Cinemas." Now *there's* a moving picture!

J. L. (Lewisham).—"The idea of prohibition in Scotland strikes me as wildly funny." Still, you don't expect the Scotsman to see the joke, do you?

A. G. S. (Biggar).—"I must confess that I do not always see eye to eye with you." Perhaps that's because you can't see far enough.

N. P. (Slough).—"What is dry rot anyhow?" Excuse us! We're not particularly interested in prohibition propaganda.

M. E. (Ipswich).—"As it is impossible for me to call on you personally, there is only one thing for me to do." That's write.

M. B. R. (Small Heath).—"American scientists have pointed out that half our ills come from draughts." And that's not hot air, anyhow.

H. D. (Nottingham).—"The press in general (including JOHN BULL) seem to have made Beckett a subject of ridicule." And Beckett fell for it.

T. K. (Jersey).—"According to Sir Douglas Haig the Empire is the buoy that keeps us afloat." Sure! And Jack's the lad.

A. M. (Wolverhampton).—"Whether betting becomes legal or otherwise no credit can be given to the police." Then, when they have their bob on, they must pay cash.

D. K. (Newport).—"The moment I had pointed out to the waiter that I would not give him a tip because of his discourtesy, he became civility itself." Thus the end justified the meanness.

B. L. (Glasgow).—"My husband is far too weak-willed. He is continually being sat on." You must make him sit up.

G. F. (Nottingham).—"I have a lot to put up with." Cheer up! That's better than having too little to get on with.

R. F. (Shepperton).—"A man's house is private." Unless, of course, it's a public house.

W. T. R. (Carlisle).—"Here is something for the Government to chew." By Gum!

Justice (Stronebrae).—"Farmers no doubt have their troubles." According to the farmers that's about all they *do* have.

I. E. (Harwich).—"How is it that some people can still manage to find homes for themselves?" Sheer luck, sir!

J. R. D. (Liverpool).—"What have you to say to the thousands of unemployed Irishmen there are here?" Come Back to Earn.

P. R. T. (Cardiff).—"My eldest daughter looks after the house, but not too well." Clearly, your house is mismanaged.

W. S. (Cardiff).—"The ridiculous fees paid to pugilists should be put down." Yet the pugilist's job is surely to "put 'em up!"

P. R. (Upminster).—"My eldest son is too much given to playing the fool." May it not be that he rehearsed in heredity?

H. S. D. (Havant).—"Let all advertisements bear a postage stamp of value according to size." Want to make bill-stickers stamp-lickers, don't you?

H. H. (Writtle).—"A good living is the main incentive to a good day's labour." Yes, sir! And a good day's labour is essential to secure good living.

K. T. H. (Blackpool).—"How is the nicotine-fingered brainless young man of to-day going to turn out?" He'll probably hear the potman shout "closing time."

M. A. E. (Rochdale).—"Why don't some of the women M.P.s take up the spinster's case?" Possibly because they are of opinion that it would be doing a porter out of a job.

J. Y. (Church End).—"A hairdresser in the West End had the nerve to charge me two shillings for a hair cut and a shampoo." Don't blame us. It's on your own head.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

T. Y. (Andover).—"I seem to be out of touch with everybody lately." We, too, are on the telephone.

J. R. D. (Colchester).—"I have three grand-children." And we consider our children grand, too.

R. H. (Brixton).—"JOHN BULL is the safety valve of public opinion." Righto, old cock!

A. B. (Fife).—"The recent Beckett-Carpentier affair can only be put down as a cart-horse against a race-horse." And now poor old Joe's back in the cart again.

M. R. R. (Greenhead).—"The country must be up and doing. The time is ripe." On the other hand, to the minds of many people, the times are over-ripe.

T. S. E. (Stockwell).—"It is the man capable of delving down below the surface that learns common sense." He certainly gets at the root of things.

N. W. (Newcastle).—"Once I got him to admit the debt, I told him he could look on the money as a present." And that's to your credit—and his.

E. L. (Fitzroy Square).—"Do Scotsmen really drink so much whisky as popular opinion assumes they do?" Depends largely on who's with them.

HOMELY (Devonport).—"Out of a dozen eggs I bought, three were bad and one was a china nest egg." Well! You can't beat that.

G. P. (Perth).—"Few are the wives who cannot twist their husbands round their little finger." Simply rule of thumb, so to speak.

D. W. (Fulham).—"My doctor advises me to take more exercise, but what opportunities have I?" Why not roll your own cigarettes and become a football fan?

D. T. (Cornwall).—"Do you believe that love at first sight is possible?" Haven't the faintest; but judging by some of the husbands we see about, we're quite certain it's blind.

G. H. (Glasgow).—"I think I can say I have clearly caught the Education Department napping." And we'll bet they've popped off to sleep again by this time.

A. E. C. (Thorpe Bay).—"The care of children's teeth is of vital importance, and I am endeavouring to arrange a series of lectures on the subject throughout the country." Something rather the reverse of stump speeches, we assume.

A. F. K. (Hendon).—"It seems to me that quite a lot of tube travellers actually prefer strap-hanging to taking a seat." Perhaps because it's one of the few chances they get these hard times of getting on their feet.

Miss R. L. (Preston).—"O, for the wings of a bird!" You can win the whole turkey in *Bullets* this week—not to mention the £1,000.

L. S. (March).—"Nowadays most girls are fond of sports." Quite right; we know several who go out with them.

K. (Slough).—"I now find myself between two fires." And we can't even get near enough to the radiator!

J. P. (Pollokshaws).—"You cannot say that Scots drop their H's." *Nor* their D's, nor S's, nor Z's.

R. D. F. (Scarborough).—"I take no interest in politics." And we take no interest in people who take no interest.

G. T. (Jersey).—"There is no place to live in that can compare in any way with the Channel Isles." Don't be Scilly!

M. M. (Gerrard's Cross).—"As an example of how the seasons are changing I have a pear tree flowering now (October 19th)." Now there's a bloomer.

T. R. B. (Southampton).—"There are any number of young men in our large cities enjoying a good time." That's the best thing to do with a good time, isn't it?

MAUD (Maidenhead).—"Don't you think the Post Office ought to abolish the adhesive postage stamp?" Sorry, we're stuck for a reply.

J. B. (Clapham).—"In which towns do you think the nicest girls are to be found?" In Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Dunstable; and all other towns in the railway time table.

J. T. (Walsall).—"I've decided to wash my hands of the whole business and then clear out." In addition, you seem to desire to show a clean pair of heels.

A. W. (Bedford).—"I have decided not to come to London for the present." Still you may possibly be able to arrange for the present to be sent on to you.

F. S. (Sandown).—"There is a great deal of nutriment in an English ox tail." Yes, and a great deal of virtue in the English tongue.

H. E. H. (Finchley).—"I do not agree with large families." We are quite content to agree with certain members of them.

N. K. R. (Willesden).—"When I am offered nothing but ginger beer to drink at a public dinner I feel insulted." Then, no doubt, you pop off.

ELSIE (Stipleton).—"I am a perfect stranger in this town, and things have fallen very flat." Probably you'll feel better when you've had time to look round.

R. D. J. (Maida Vale).—"These midnight Cabaret stunts are all right in their way, but it is difficult to laugh at jokes in the middle of the night." You must just wait till they dawn on you.

E. W. (Colchester).—"Americans say that they have the best three-year-olds in the world, but in 1914 England's three-year-olds were carrying soldiers." And the *human* three-year-olds were in arms mostly.

T. F. (Tufnell Park).—"The big bakers have decided to reduce the price of the quartern loaf by 1d., the price now to be 8d." As many small bakers already sell profitably at 7d. a loaf, we see no reason for congratulations.

L. L. T. (Poulton-le-Fylde).—"There is still in being in Whitehall a special department to arrange for the winding up of special war departments." Is it not time this winding up business was finally wound up?

HONEYMAN (Bo'ness).—Thanks for 10s. in response to the article by "A Gentleman with a Duster." The amount has been placed in our "Greatest of These" Fund and will be used for the purpose desired.

Many replies unavoidably held over.

FREE to the first 500 applicants

WE will present free a 5s. "John Bull" Safety Razor, with 6 super-keen blades, a strop holder and a polished oak case, to the first 500 applicants for the "John Bull" 7s. 6d. Safety Model Pen, complete with clip. This razor has already delighted thousands of our readers. The Pen is a marvel of efficiency and can be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When closed, the 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, is drawn into the barrel. Equal for all practical purposes to pens costing 17s. 6d.

Send for Free Gift to-day.

Enclose P.O./cheque for 8s. (which includes 6d. for postage and insurance). Make P.O./cheque payable to "John Bull" and cross "& Co." JOHN BULL, PEN DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

NATURE'S WONDER WORKER

Month's Treatment sent —no fee unless benefited

The vitalising powers of our natural medicine are so astonishing that you would hardly believe them, even if we published all the 24,000 testimonials that we have received. Therefore we do not ask you to believe, or to pay one penny piece until you have proved what it can do for you. We will send you a whole month's treatment—over 100 doses—on your simple promise to try whether Vita-Ore will do for you what it has done and is doing for other sufferers in your town and every other part of the Kingdom. If you say you are no better, it has cost you nothing. It cannot possibly do you any harm. There is not an atom of poison or harmful element in it, and it is quite pleasant to take; you drink it instead of water. All our tens of thousands of customers first tried Vita-Ore at our risk. We want 10,000 more ailing persons to do the same. Many people who suffered from serious chronic ailments, like Neuritis, Sciatica, St. Vitus' Dance, and affections of the kidneys and bladder, which nothing seemed to touch, have told us that Vita-Ore worked like magic. The most desperate cases have been cured. Your case may seem equally hopeless, and yet without a farthing of risk you can at least try what Vita-Ore can do. Perhaps your ailment is of a less serious nature. You may be merely run-down, a little anæmic, a sufferer from dyspepsia or inability to digest and derive benefit from your food; you may be nervous or neuralgic, or may suffer from those distressing backaches and pains in the side, if a woman. Never a day passes without some sufferer just like yourself writing to us, delighted with the effects of Vita-Ore, and proving that he or she is benefited, by sending the money. That is all we ask—that if you feel better you shall pay the very small price of 4s. 6d. for the whole month's strengthening, vitalising, curative treatment.

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Vita-Ore is not a patent medicine or quack remedy; it contains no drugs. The Government analysts exempted it from patent medicine stamp duty. The *Lancet*, the most cautious and authoritative medical paper in existence, said of it: "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory." The *Medical Magazine* (another doctors' paper) said: "We have no hesitation in recommending Vita-Ore."

Vita-Ore is a natural remedy, which cures by increasing the natural vitality of the system. Not only your aches and pains, or the chronic ailment that you supposed was incurable, your indigestion, your nervous debility, the early effects of advancing years are done away with, but you are better all over, too. Your mind works better. Your muscles are strengthened. Your vital powers are renewed. You feel younger, more vigorous. You are better looking—your skin and eyes are clearer. It is Nature working in you. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vita-Ore.

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The vitalising and rejuvenating effects of Vita-Ore are proved by the great variety of ailments which it has cured. They include such things as:—

Anæmia	Rheumatism and
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St. Vitus' Dance	Chronic Catarrh
Dyspepsia	Sluggish Liver and
Chronic Indigestion	All run-down condi-
Eruptions of the Skin	tions due to the
Backache in Women	Stomach, Kidneys,
Neuritis	Nerves and Liver

Vita-Ore is also a most effective tonic: it quickly improves the appetite and digestion, and increases the vital forces.

HOW TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS FREE OFFER.

You can try the effect of Vita-Ore for a month, without sending any money. Simply fill up the coupon at foot and post to us and we send you enough to furnish 3 doses a day for a whole month. If you feel the benefit, you undertake to send 4s. 6d. only. If not you have only to write and say so and we cancel the bill.

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NO BENEFIT—NO PAY.

Therefore, for your own sake, do not delay. You may forget. Cut out the coupon at once and send to us without any money.

CUT THE COUPON OUT NOW, BEFORE YOU FORGET.

Send this Without Money for 4/6 Packet lasting a Month.

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Dear Sirs

Please send me a month's supply of Vita-Ore with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report results in 30 days.

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. (four shillings and sixpence) in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case You are to charge me nothing.

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[A4vt.]

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No experience needed

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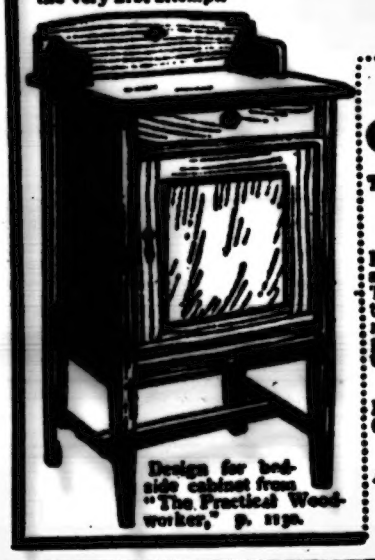

Design for bedside cabinet from "The Practical Woodworker," p. 1130.

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Please send me, without charge, your Free Illustrated Booklet, containing all particulars as to contents, authors, etc., of "THE PRACTICAL WOODWORKER," also information as to your offer to send the Complete Work for a merely nominal first payment, the balance to be paid by a few small monthly payments, beginning thirty days after the work is delivered.

NAME .....
(Send this form in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp.)

ADDRESS .....

.....

J.B.H. 1923.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 Years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women and Children that Cures Rupture.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who Cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office. Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (17631), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of Rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Please write plainly.

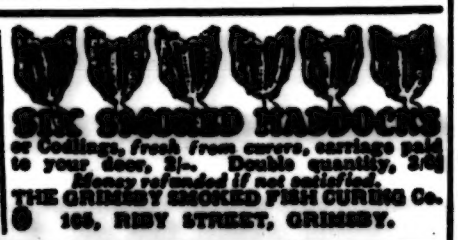
THE GREAT AMERICAN DIRIGIBLE

A new fascinating toy airship. Performs like a big one. Keeps the children amused for hours. Valuable prize offer. Special Price 1/- Post free.

Six dirigibles sent for 5/-

24 in. long x 8 in. Diam.

G. HERRIQUES CO. (Dept. B) 20, Shaftesbury, London, S.E.



SIX SMOKED HADDOCKS

or Codlings, *fresh from curers*, carriage paid to your door, 2/-. Double quantity, 3/6

Money refunded if not satisfied.

THE GRIMSBY SMOKED FISH CURING Co.

165, RIBY STREET, GRIMSBY.

CASEMENT-CURTAINING

PATTERN BOOK POST FREE

NEW AUTUMN PATTERN BOOK

from Actual Maker—Largest range obtainable

Huge savings can be made by purchasing all your curtaining needs direct from the machine. Pattern book includes Plain and Trimmed Casement Cloths, Fadeless Coloured Cloths, Cretonnes, Trimmed Mosquito Nets, and beautifully illustrated list of newest Lace Curtains. Send P.C. to-day

LUDLOW'S
F. 1. The Looms, Bradford

2d. may help *you* to win £1,000.

On the page opposite appear details of "Bullets" £1,000 offer. Read the "Competitors' Journal" (Saturdays, 2d., at all newsagents), a paper described by "John Bull" as "unique." It gives you help, hints and advice in connection with this great offer—it will show you how to win prizes from the £1,000 First to the humble Target. This week's issue contains a special article on "Bullets 502"—read it—it will help you. If your newsagent is sold out send 2d. in stamps to the Publisher and a copy of the current issue will be sent you by return.

The COMPETITORS' JOURNAL, 115, Fleet St., London, E.C.

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER—"

Why the Slum Children Want a Bonfire

ALREADY the children are chanting "Please to remember the Fifth of November!" and begging for pennies to burn whatever effigy they think will appeal to the popular imagination and touch the pocket of the passer-by.

The actual figure to be consigned to the flames is a matter of complete indifference to the kiddies. Old Guy Fawkes himself is quite obsolete. During the war Old Kaiser Bill, the arch-enemy of all mankind and of little British boys and girls especially, was naturally the character who drew most coppers, but we have even seen children soliciting contributions for the immolation of their favourite, Charlie Chaplin.

We can let you into the secret of what they want. We discovered it last year at this time when we went on to a patch of waste ground in a London slum and stood among the kiddies round a bonfire.

Strangely enough the effigy they were burning was Pussyfoot Johnson. We had not been there two minutes before we realised that all the youngsters wanted was the warmth from the bonfire.

They sat around it basking in the heat like kittens on a hearthrug. Their homes were cold and cheerless, and the cupboards were bare. They munched buns they had bought with the pennies given them by men turning into public-houses, and now and again they raised a shrill cheer as Pussyfoot showed signs of dissolution in the smoke and flames.

Thousands of slum kiddies are begging for pennies this week with the cry, "Please to remember——" because they have no homes worth calling homes, no warmth of fires, no nourishment of food.

Will you not remember our call to the columns of the Sixpenny Army of "The Greatest of These——" Fund to fight distress this winter?

Recruits are rolling in, but we require many more.

Have you joined up yet?

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

F. J. Haynes, 1s. 7d.; "Impulse," N.W., 1s. 7½d.; "Mebowes," 1s. 6d.; "Workless," 1s. 10d.; A. Warren," 6s. 6d.; "To Help," 6d.; J. S. Cholates, 6d.; T. W., Ashton-in-Makerfield, 1s.; "Barl" (Manchester), 2s.; "Birdie," 1s. 7d.; "Tattie's," 6d.; "A Ninth," 7d.; "Mill Girl" (Barrowford), 2s. 9½d.; T. D., Stourbridge, 1s. 1½d.; "No Holiday," 2s. 6d.; "Hopeful," 1s.; "Twenty Years' Reader," 1½d.; C. E. J. A., 2s. 6d.; "Hinton," 3s.; "Charwin," 2s. 6d.; C. T., 1s. 2d.; "One Ninth," Grangemouth, 1s. 10d.; "Full Back's Ninth," 10d.; W., 1s. 1d.; "A Test," 1s.; "Hoylake," 7½d.; "Bullet Competitor," 5s.; F. G., (Nantwich), 10½d.; A. Fawcett, 6d.; Mrs. W. H. Brown, 9d.; A. C., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Martin-Johnson, parcel and 6d.; A. Newman, 1s.; W. Pedley, 1s.; A. M. Sanghall, 1s. 5d.; "Found It—First Ninth," 6d.; A. D., 7d.; J. Francis, 2s. 9d.; "Whist Driver" (Farnborough), 6s. 8d.; "Just a Trifle," 1s.; "For Luck," 2s. 6d.; T. Butlin, 6d.; "Windows," 1s. 6d.; L. Shaw, 1s. 2d.; "The Sabbath Day," 6d.; "Mother of Three," 2s.; W., £1; "Rhyl," 1s. 0½d.; "Fortunate," 1s. 6d.; M. S., 2s.; "Backed a Loser," "Anotus," 1s. 6d.; M. Clifford, 1s. 4d.; "Welsh Girl," 2s.; W., £1; "Rhyl," 1s. 0½d.; "Fortunate," 1s. 8d.; M. S., 2s.; "Backed a Loser," 6d.; "Two Ninths," 2s.; E. de Sousa, 2s.; "Buston," 5s.; "Heartache Second," 9d.; "A Humble Ninth," 7d.; "1866," 1s.; "Minces Ninth," 4½d.; T. C. (second ninth), 1s.; E. Bayul, 1s.; "Bedridden," 1s.; "Billie," 6d.; "Biffy," 5½d.; J. H., 1s. 5d.; "Willington," 1s.; "Skibbo," 9d.; M. T. (Oxford), 1s.; E. J., 1s. 8d.; "Meadowpark," 11d.; L. L. Senior, 8d.; W. D. N., 7d.; "Jack" (Merton), 6d.; "Wavertree Two Nines," 1s. 3d.; Mac Gridley, 1s.; "Poverty's Ninth," 3d.; "Braintree," 1s. 4d.; M. McMahon, 1s.; "Loneliness," 3s. 9d.; "East Meon," 4d.; "For the Master's Sake," 2s. 3½d.; "Still Hoping," 1s. 3½d.; "Nine," 1s.; A. K. Cripple, 1s.; "Optimistic," 1s. 1d.; E. E. S., 3s.; W. K. H., 2s.; O. M. 4½d.; F. C. F., 2s.; "Fraction Over," 5s.; "Nil Desperandum," 1s.; M. T., 6s. 6d.; "Small Easter Egg," 1s.

Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

ONLY 289 LEFT!

Your last chance to get this edition of the One Guinea "John Bull" Treasure Book of Knowledge.

1/- down and four weekly subscriptions of 2s. each secures the Book.

The remaining 289 volumes will be snapped up almost immediately. You have not a minute to lose if you want a copy. This magnificent work is bound in luxurious limp leather and is crammed with information vital to your success. "John Bull" is offering this Guinea volume to its readers for 1s. down and four weekly payments of 2s. each, or for 7s. 6d. cash. The only way to make sure of a copy is to catch the next post. Orders executed in strict rotation. Act *now!*

CUT HERE

To "John Bull," Treasure Book Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

SUBSCRIPTION PAYMENTS. Please send on free approval the Guinea "John Bull" Treasure Book of Knowledge. I enclose 1s. to cover cost of packing and delivery. I will return the Book in new condition within three days or else complete purchase with four consecutive weekly Payments of 2s. each, the first becoming due one week after receipt of Book. In default of any one subscription the outstanding balance shall immediately become payable. I am over 21 years. For Cash Payments, send 8s. 6d. which includes 1s. for packing and delivery.

Money refunded if not satisfied.

NAME .....
(Please write clearly)

ADDRESS .....

DATE..... .....

Cross cheques and P.O.'s "/& Co./" and make payable to "John Bull."

THE RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 500 ("BULLETS" RECORD OFFER) WILL APPEAR IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 17, ON SALE WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

SOME "BULLETS" NOTES.

Making Your "Bullets."

In steering clear of ideas which you think may be likely to occur to other competitors, you may produce an effort which is altogether too complicated and involved in its meaning. This is not the sort of originality which wins big prizes. It is the *Bullet* containing a fresh and simply expressed idea which must always score over the obscure, far-fetched type of effort.

Why Some "Bullets" Fail.

And there is the opposite extreme to be avoided, too. This is shown in the *Bullet* which is no more than a direct and very obvious answer to the *Example*. For instance, look at these two *Bullets* received in a recent competition :—

What Baldwin's Doing—Seeking Work For Unemployed.

How To Save—Nobody Knows Nowadays.

Such efforts are nothing more than mere lifeless statements of fact, without that extra point or sparkle necessary for success.

Double-meaning Efforts.

When you intend two meanings to be read into your *Bullet*, each should be considered in relation to the *Example*. This was evidently overlooked by senders of efforts such as :—"*Sunday Games—Have 'Come To Stop.'*" Here, clearly, one meaning contradicts the other. Double-meaning *Bullets* which win are those with two different senses, *each of which* applies aptly to the *Example*.

How Ideas Clash.

Here is a typical instance of how the same idea was used in varying ways by entrants in a recent contest. On the *Example* "*Stumbling-block*" we received, amongst many others similar, these three *Bullets* :—

"*Sometimes Proves a Stepping-stone.*"

"*Marriage or a Stepping-stone.*"

"*Becomes Wise Man's Stepping-stone.*"

Seek an original "out of the rut" idea for your *Bullet*, or it may suffer the same fate.

The "District" Fallacy.

Listen to this grumble from R. Dalgetty, of Arbroath :—

"It is very strange that the big prizes all go to English competitors. What's wrong with the Scotch competitors?"

Nothing at all, Mr. Dalgetty—you do not study our prize-lists. The last *Bullets* £500 was won by an Edinburgh reader, and an Aberdeen competitor won £1,000 a few weeks before that.

And now look at this from a Morecambe reader :—

"It seems to me that *Bullets* prizes are concentrated on the towns and cities."

On the other hand, a Bayswater correspondent asks :—

"Why does London, easily the largest city in the British Isles, win so few *Bullets* prizes?"

Such letters not only contradict, but answer each other. Our answer to them all is the same—*Bullets* prizes are won on merit alone, irrespective of district or any other consideration whatever.

This Week's Offer.

Bullets big prizes are coming thick and fast. Close on the heels of the big 500th Competition (now in course of adjudication), we announce this week a First Prize of £1,000. Besides other big cash awards, there are also 100 fine Turkeys to be won in this contest. It is an offer well worth your attention.

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £1000

2nd Prize £100

3rd Prize £50

10 PRIZES OF £5
10 PRIZES OF £2-10
100 PRIZES OF £1

100 FINE TURKEYS
MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT

200 PRIZES OF 5/-
1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6
5,000 TARGET PRIZES

They will be despatched to prize-winners in ample time for the Christmas dinner.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 502.

BALDWIN'S POLICY
WHAT THE WORLD SAYS
PROTECTION
DIVIDING THE COUNTRY
BRITISH MIGHT
BURSTING THE BUBBLE
WHAT WAS PROMISED
LORD ROTHERMERE
GOOD SHOW
WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS
IN A DREAM
OUT OF HAND
PUBLIC MONEY
AT WORK AGAIN
MOTORING
LIKE A BABY
IF WE ONLY KNEW
DAY AND NIGHT
GOOD LOOKS
ON THE STAGE
MODERN BRIDE
WHEN I WAS YOUNG
ONCE A WEEK
A BIT LATE
MISLAID
NOT FAR OFF
DANGEROUS PLAYTHING
WORK OF ART
MORE TO FOLLOW
HER MISTAKE
ROOM FOR US
WIRELESS PIRATES
AFRAID TO MOVE
GOOD TEACHER
IN SOCIETY
CRUMB OF COMFORT
ONE FOGGY NIGHT
AN ANGEL
BY NATURE
WON'T HELP

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the Examples printed; then give Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example* :—HOLIDAY PROBLEM *Bullet* :—WEARING EVERYTHING SHE'S TAKEN. *Example* :—ON THE MOVE *Bullet* :—"SUBMERGED WRECK" BECOMES MENACE. *Example* :—FIRST THING *Bullet* :—AFTER ENGLISHMAN'S SACRIFICE—CIGARETTE. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 502, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 15
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(502) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 15
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(502) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 15
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(502) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 15
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(502) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 502.

WHEN SHE SHINES—AT THE OFFICE—PRETTY SOON—WORTH CONSIDERING—BY KIND PERMISSION—EVERYBODY KNOWS—AFTER A FEW—A STRUGGLE—LOOKING BACK—SPREADING—ON THE PLATFORM—CHANGING SIDES—GOOD OR BAD—HER HOME—WHEN THINGS ARE QUIET—FREE SAMPLE—IN OUR WAY—EVERY DAY—ONLY NUISANCE—WITHOUT PAYMENT.

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22nd. All Coupons to used MUST be marked clearly with the number 502 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets," No. 502, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the forty Examples for Competition No. 502.

The original cheque for £100 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 499 can be seen in the window of Mr. LEO SMITH, High Street, Thornbury, Bristol.

The Heels with the Bulldog Grip!

¶ Non-slipping, Splendid Wear, Smooth Tread . . The Easiest heels to fix: Perfect fitting

"Last the time of three"

MEN'S ... 1/6 pair.
LADIES' ... 1/- "

Phillips new Spring-Grip Heels
('Military and 'Magna')

Bald Men Grow Hair

Amazing Hair Growth on Bald Heads After Using Kotalko the Genuine Hair-Grower. Not a Medicine. Rub on the Scalp where New Hair is Desired.

Mr. P. Tucker, from a photograph.

WAS QUITE BALD
No need for wig now

Torrington, N. Devon.

After trying different treatments without result I was very disappointed, and thought I should be bald all my life, or else have to wear a wig.

Then I read about Kotalko, and decided to give it a trial. Please bear in mind that I was quite bald and my head was as shiny as could be when I started using your compound.

After I had used about two tins I found I had got hair coming all over my head. I continued to use it, and now I have got a good head of hair again, as shown in the photograph.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) P. Tucker.

Mr. Thomas Hayes, from a photograph.

FULL GROWTH OF HAIR
Kotalko acts on Hair-Roots

Dublin.

When I began using Kotalko I was bald. At the sides over the ears, and at the back, there was some hair, but on the whole of the crown of my head, from the forehead backwards, there was no hair at all.

I was not satisfied to be bald, but although I tried one preparation after another, not a single hair came into sight.

Then I bought a box of Kotalko, and used it on the scalp until I noticed signs of a slight down on parts of the head. Then I knew the roots were not dead after all, so I went on using Kotalko, and gradually the down changed into real hair, which kept on growing, until at last the whole of my head was covered with a full growth of hair in its natural colour just as it used to be.

Everyone who knows me has been surprised at seeing the hair growing again, and several of my friends have already ordered Kotalko, and are highly satisfied with it. Yours very truly,
(Signed) Thomas Hayes.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

A multitude of others, men and women, have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko—with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years, and when all other hair tonics, lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.

SEND THIS COUPON
or Copy it.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in payment.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... 53 BC

The Secret lies in the use of genuine bear fat (oil) with the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from Three Kingdoms of Nature. Mr. Brittain discovered the principle of this wonderfully efficacious hair-growing compound, and has since put Kotalko on sale. It has proved itself a quick and reliable hair-grower. It stops hair from falling out and eliminates scurf. Legions of persons report new growth.

A distribution of 30,000 testing boxes is now being made to those who apply—only one box to one person—either sex. To obtain a box it will only be necessary to send threepence in stamps to the address below.

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 BC), LONDON, W.1.

A Famous Family Medicine

GOOD HEALTH, no doubt, is often a heritage, but it is just as often a matter of cultivation.

Many healthy families have not been endowed with exceptionally strong constitutions and the fact that their members keep remarkably free from disease and live to a good old age is largely due to the sensible way in which they attend to questions of health.

They keep their digestive organs in good order. Any sign of stomach trouble or constipation is immediately dealt with by means of the World's Family Medicine.

Keep a box of Beecham's Pills in the house and make use of them whenever your health or that of any member of the family needs attention.

Beecham's Pills

Sold everywhere in boxes, 1/3 and 2/-

BRONCHITIS AND PAINFUL COUGHS

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure soothes the inflamed membrane—stops the painful irritation—gives speedy relief from alarming symptoms.

Safe and pleasant. The children like it and adults find it the most effective bronchial remedy ever offered to the public.

Recently improved by the addition of splendid new balsamic extracts, highly approved by the medical profession.

Price 1/3; Family size 3/-
All Chemists.

Veno's LIGHTNING Cough Cure

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